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FEBRUARY 26, 1965

THE ENEMY IN ASIA

# TIME

THE WEEKLY



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VOL. 85 NO. 9

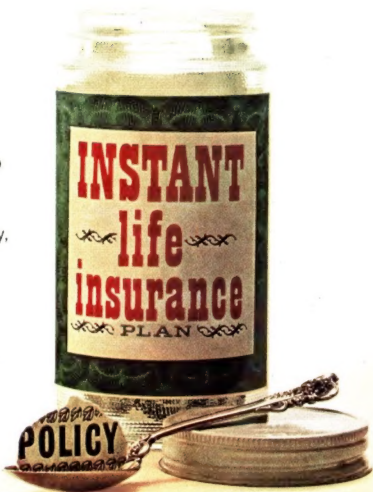
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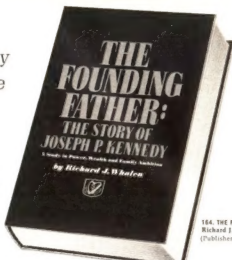
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TIME, FEBRUARY 26, 1965

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# R.M.S.F.S.S. leaders admit theirs is a losing cause

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Aye, but it looks like it's all over but the shouting now, lads! The hard-bitten leaders of the RMSFSS have candidly admitted their cause is showing not even a glimmer of support from ye over there in America. Which comes as no surprise whatsoever to us. We knew right along Americans knew a good thing when they tasted it. And once you Americans started sampling the subtly light, delicate flavour of the real smooth, full-bodied mellow Real MACKENZIE, we knew it was just a matter o' time before you would be adopting it as your own. Aye, it makes the long and bitter fight all the more worthwhile now we've let you guids lads in on one of the long lost pleasures of the Western World!

And of course we want to thank you for your grand support and cheering letters during our epic battle with the RMSFSS. One fine mon wrote to say he had organized The Real MACKENZIE Scotch for America league and had already solicited a number of discerning people who appreciated to the utmost the smooth, smooth light flavour that is found only in The Real MACKENZIE.

Then, there was another especially thoughtful letter from a lass who wrote a perfectly wonderful (if it be somewhat puzzling) report on how The Real MACKENZIE had become the "in" (quotes are hers) Scotch among her club o' bridge and that everyone rather

enjoyed the fuss and bother they had to go through to find a liquor shop that carried The Real MACKENZIE. Now while we think it admirable for her and her bonnie friends to be persistent in insisting on The Real MACKENZIE, we do wish more of your shops would realize how good it really is and stock it straightaway. Matter of speaking, if you would send us the name of your favourite shopping place that you would like to be carrying The MACKENZIE (and presently isn't) we would risk our sporrans to see that they be initiated to the many pleasures and sales advantages of The Real MACKENZIE.

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Rare 12 and 20 year old Real MACKENZIE Scotch also available

a single purchaser! And while we cannot but admire this kind of buying zeal, we're afraid it smacks of the black market or a last ditch attempt by a hard core element of the RMSFSS.

On any count, we're most pleased to say the battle is won thanks largely to you Americans buying and enjoying The Real MACKENZIE like the Scotch lovers we always knew ye to be.

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Although there are over 1,000,000 corporations in the country, the common stocks of only about 1,200 are listed on the Exchange.

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These few earn nearly two-thirds of all the net profits reported by all companies, and pay about 60% of all the dividends. They produce most of the U.S. automobiles, steel, electric power, aluminum, rail and air transportation, to name just a few basic products and services the 1,200 supply.

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Of the estimated 17 million U.S. shareowners, some 11 million share as investors in the progress of the companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Last year, on the average, 4.9 million shares were reported to have changed hands on the Exchange each trading day. This volume of supply and demand is one reason why an investor can usually buy or sell with ease and speed.

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When the Exchange considers listing a company today, such minimums as these are used as guide-lines: 1,500 round-lot shareowners, 600,000 shares in public hands with a market value of

at least \$10,000,000, and demonstrated earning power of at least \$1,200,000 a year after taxes. Financial reports for shareowners are required too. And owners of common stock must have the right to vote.

Getting listed is one thing; staying listed another. The Exchange considers de-listing a company when, for example, the number of round-lot shareowners drops below 600, market value of publicly held shares dips under \$2,000,000, or other circumstances make further dealings inadvisable.

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3. Make your judgment on facts, not hopeful rumors or bits of news. There is risk in any investment, including listed stocks, so you'll be wise

to search out such facts as a company's sales, earnings, dividends, the recent price range of its stock, and then try to evaluate its potential.

• • •

4. Let a member firm help you. Registered representatives have had to meet Exchange standards for knowledge of the securities business. This doesn't make them invariably right, but perhaps they can arm you with facts that you might have overlooked, and provide a fresh point of view to consider.

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# TIME LISTINGS

## TELEVISION

Friday, February 26

**INGER STEVENS IN SWEDEN** (ABC, 8-9 p.m.).<sup>a</sup> The Farmer's Daughter revisits her native land, talks with former boxing champion Ingemar Johansson and Actor Max von Sydow.

**THE BOB HOPE THEATER** (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Ginger Rogers stars as the wicked and dangerous mother-in-law of a new bride (Carol Lawrence). Color.

**FDR** (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Roosevelt tackles the farm crisis in the winter of 1933.

Saturday, February 27

**THE HOLLYWOOD PALACE** (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Roy Rogers and Dale Evans play heroes to several singing groups and Ethel Merman, a one-woman group.

Sunday, February 28

**LAMP UNTO MY FEET** (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.). Recorded readings by the late poet T. S. Eliot.

**DIRECTIONS '65** (ABC, 1:30-2 p.m.). A study of the Christian sources and motivations for anti-Semitism.

**CBS SPORTS SPECTACULAR** (CBS, 2:30-4 p.m.). North American figure skating championship.

**TWENTIETH CENTURY** (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A look at Pop Buell, a retired Indiana farmer who has spent the past five years in Laos helping refugee tribesmen settle in new villages.

**THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW** (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Guests are Juliet Prowse, Bill Dana and Alan King.

**THE ROGUES** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Gig Young, suave of con men, impersonates a long-lost relative of a wealthy family to claim an inheritance.

Monday, March 1

**THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.** (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Solo hires a singer to help trap an international jewel thief.

**BEN CASEY** (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Viveca Lindfors stars as a domineering mother convinced her dockworker son is faking illness.

Tuesday, March 2

**HULLABALOO** (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). To-night's host is Trini Lopez. Color.

**THE BEL TELEPHONE HOUR** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Robert Goulet plays host to Eydie Gorme, Barbara Cook and Susan Watson. Color.

## THEATER

### On Broadway

**TINY ALICE.** Everyone's afraid of Alice in Edward Albee's brain teaser, though no one seems to know who she is. John Gielgud and Irene Worth are excellent in the respective roles of a lay brother and the world's richest woman.

**POOR RICHARD.** Richard, the poet-charmer on the run from his memories, may not be as engaging as the playwright's earlier creation, *Mary*, the wheecracking wife on the brink of divorce, but Jean Kerr will keep the play incisive and amusing.

**THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT.** Alan Alda hosts and Diana Sands hollers in Bill

Minhoff's comedy about a mind-v-body imbrolio between a musty book clerk and an earthy prostitute.

**LUV.** What's so funny about three tear-jerkers on a bridge trying to outlament and outpsychologize each other? Author Murray Schisgal, Director Mike Nichols, and Performers Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson and Alan Arkin—that's what.

### Off Broadway

**A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.** Tension, desperation, and ultimate tragedy invade the home of a longshoreman, his wife, and the niece whom he loves incestuously. Taut direction and an extremely able cast revivify this ten-year-old Arthur Miller drama.

**WAR AND PEACE.** Despite the difficulty of shrinking an oak buck into an acorn, this Phoenix Theater production of the mammoth Tolstoy classic is surprisingly dramatic. In this play, and in an alternate offering, *Mun and Superman*, individual acting egos are submerged in beautiful ensemble playing.

**TARTUFFE.** Molière's humor and intent were more bitter than the Lincoln Center company's farcical interpretation of this classic comedy implies. But Michael O'Sullivan's hypocritical misanthrope is a superbly drawn character.

**THE SLAVE AND THE TOILET.** The problem—inter-racial conflict—is timeless, but the expressions of hate and violence in *I Rei Jones's* two one-acters are shrilly attuned to the present.

## RECORDS

### Chamber Music

**SCHUBERT QUINTET IN A MAJOR** (Vox). Schubert wrote "The Trout" in the lightest of holiday moods, and the double bass has to tiptoe to keep the music from being heavy-footed. Georg Hörtnagel handles the part with the required grace, playing with the violinist, violist and cellist of the Hungarian String Quartet. A percussive piano could also shatter Schubert's mood, but Louis Kentner's playing is gossamer. The result is a lithe, blithe dream of summer.

**SHOSTAKOVICH PIANO QUINTET** (L'Oiseau-Lyre). There is not much modern Russian chamber music to be heard, but probably its finest example and a credit to any age is this quintet, written in 1940 shortly after the *Sixth Symphony* and like it a resolution of the torment expressed in the *Fifth*. Its many lightly inflected moods flow peacefully together with classical clarity, interrupted in the middle by a short, funny honky-tonk of a Scherzo. The Melos Ensemble of London plays it with quiet understanding; it presents as well a sparkling, icy Prokofiev *Quintet* dated Paris, 1924.

**FAURÉ, PIANO QUARTET IN G MINOR** (RCA Victor). The slow passages by this master of muted color and subtle modulation are like a descent in a bathysphere. New and mysterious vistas open as the harmonies shift. The long-trailing melodies can sound flaccid but not when spun out by the Festival Quartet, including Virtuoso Violist William Primrose and Violinist Szymon Goldberg.

**DVOŘÁK, STRING QUARTETS IN F MAJOR, OPUS 96** (London). Chamber music has a reputation for being cerebral, but Dvo-

řák makes it heady. His "American" quartet, written in 1893 on a summer visit to Spillville, Iowa, is filled with song and catchy rhythms. The excellent Janacek Quartet plays it brightly, as well as the earlier, more conventional *Quartet in D Minor* dedicated to Brahms.

**DVOŘÁK, STRING QUARTETS, VOLUME II** (3 LPs: Vox). Convinced that Dvořák is the missing link between Brahms and Bartók in the history of chamber music, the Kohon Quartet of New York University is undertaking the first recording of all 15 of his string quartets. More interesting than Volume I, this package includes the three last quartets. Though the Kohon does not have the singing tone of the Janacek ensemble, the players know Dvořák in all his moods and are eloquent spokesmen for his art.

**BRAHMS, PIANO QUINTET** (Columbia). Rudolf Serkin and the members of the Budapest String Quartet are old friends but have never before recorded together. They make clear their grandly dramatic intentions when they shatter the first quiet moments with a crashing storm of protest, weighting even the Scherzo with portent. The Budapest has sounded more lusty but never more authoritative.

## CINEMA

**RED DESERT.** Displaying a painfully sense of color, Italian Director Michelangelo Antonioni (*L'Avventura*, *La Notte*) daringly raids the spectrum to explore the neurosis of an engineer's young wife (Monica Vitti) whose problems seem aggravated by her environment—a wasteland created by heavy industry in the city of Ravenna. Oddly, Antonioni's urban inferno is often more exciting than its inhabitants.

**HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.** Amiable nonsense about a buoyant bachelor cartoonist (Jack Lemmon) who wakes up married to a girl in a million (Itali's Virna Lisi) and begins to contemplate the rival benefits of home and homicide, abetted by a fastidious manservant (Terry-Thomas) who views all women as household pests.

**TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC.** Using the actual words spoken during Joan's heresy trial in 1431, this astatic film transforms history into a unique drama that often looks like a 15th century news special.

**MARRIAGE—ITALIAN STYLE.** Vice is hilarious and virtue seems pretty earthy in Director Vittorio De Sica's sentimental account of how a Neapolitan harlot (Sophia Loren) fights and finally wins a lifelong battle to marry a rake (Marcello Mastroianni).

**NOTHING BUT A MAN.** This forceful drama gets under the skin of a troubled young American Negro (Ivan Dixon) who resents being stuck with a black family in a white world.

**THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG.** Young love brightens up a shabby French seaport, where Director Jacques Demy sets everyone singing while he wistfully paints the town red, blue, and other sparkling primary colors.

**GOLDFINGER.** Ian Fleming's girl-and-gadget-happy Agent 007 alias James Bond, alias Actor Sean Connery—brilliantly foils a plot to take Fort Knox off the gold standard.

**SEANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.** A very mad, very English, very nearly preposterous melodrama about a kidnapping predetermined by an unhappy medium, played

<sup>a</sup> All times E.S.T.



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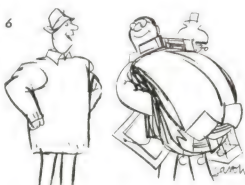
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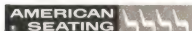
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with mood-chilling conviction by American Actress Kim Stanley.

**MY FAIR LADY.** The bountiful classic by Lerner and Loewe out of G. B. Shaw, with Audrey Hepburn as the cockney guttersnipe who learns social graces from Rex Harrison, a masterly professor indeed.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**MERIWEETHER LEWIS**, by Richard Dillon. An absorbing biography of the gifted young Virginian whom Jefferson sent out to explore the Louisiana territory. With William Clark, Lewis showed the way west—but he could never readjust to civilization. Three years after his triumphant return, he died under mysterious circumstances, a penniless alcoholic.

**THE WHITSUN WEDDINGS**, by Philip Larkin. A new collection representing the mature work of England's best living poet. As true and fine as his earlier work, these poems reflect a larger, yet highly personal view of the human condition.

**THE ORDWAYS**, by William Humphrey. Thanks to the lively comic vision of Novelist Humphrey (*Hume from the Hill*), the Ordways of East Texas, living and dead, make a family tree of Faulknerian dimensions.

**JONATHAN SWIFT**, by Nigel Dennis. A biography by a writer who knows his Swift, is also aware of the grim literary and Freudian exegeses that have clouded his brilliant satires.

**THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS OF JEAN MACAQUE**, by Stuart Cloete. Having written novels about the Boer War that fell well short of Winston Churchill's real-life adventures, Cloete now busts loose with the funny story of a philandering journalist who lives it up each day to try to stave off tomorrow.

**THE FOUNDING FATHER**, by Richard Whalen. This is a book for sidewalk superintendents of man's self-building: from excavation to tower suite, the construction of Joe Kennedy's fabulous fortune and consequent family power is painstakingly detailed.

**FRIEDA LAWRENCE**, edited by E. W. Tedlock Jr. The letters, essays and memoirs of the great writer's wife show that, while on paper he might have been the prophet of free love, in his life and at home he was an emotional Victorian trying to cope with a flirtatious woman.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. The Horse Knows the Way, O'Hara (4)
3. The Man, Wallace (2)
4. Funeral in Berlin, Deighton (5)
5. The Rector of Jutis, Auchincloss (3)
6. Hurry Sundown, Gilden (6)
7. Legend of the Seventh Virgin, Holt
8. This Rough Magic, Stewart (7)
9. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (9)
10. Covenant With Death, Becker (8)

#### NONFICTION

1. Markings, Hammarskjöld (1)
2. Reminiscences, MacArthur (2)
3. The Founding Father, Whalen (4)
4. The Italians, Bazant (3)
5. Queen Victoria, Langford (5)
6. The Words, Sartre (6)
7. Sixpence in Her Shoe, McGinley
8. Life With Picasso, Gilot and Lake (7)
9. My Autobiography, Chaplin (8)
10. Stage Struck, Zolotow



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Alfred Landesman, playwright, Missouri



Annette Boorde, executive secretary, Virginia



William C. Bettendorf, Jr., general contractor, Massachusetts



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It's a big thought, all right — as big as all of America's consumers. The lawmakers of our country should have the foresight and courage to correct this sorry situation.

*Arthur W. Brown*  
PRESIDENT

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WILLIAM D. POWELL  
General Secretary  
Greater Philadelphia Council of Churches  
Philadelphia

Sir: Thank you for the article regarding Carl McIntire, fundamentalist. He is undoubtedly doing a tremendous job of contending for the faith if the Greater Philadelphia Council of Churches, the N.A.A.C.P., the Philadelphia Chapter of the Jewish Anti-Defamation League, and the Roman Catholic weekly Commonweal want to "muzzle" him.

Mrs. JACK L. MORRISON  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

### Top Ten

Sir: I think it is worth noting that on the lists of most desirable (popular) colleges [Feb. 12], the several small liberal arts schools generally recognized by the academic community as as good or better than the big-name schools were entirely excluded. The most rigorous education, such as that at Swarthmore, Oberlin, Reed and the University of Chicago, is not the one sought by most of our best students.

HOLLY HART  
Chicago

Sir: So how come most of them go to Michigan State?

GREGORY A. MILLER  
Associate Professor of Education  
Michigan State University  
East Lansing, Mich.

Sir: In reference to your article concerning the preference of M.I.T. over Harvard: WORK!

DICK BERNER  
DICK DANIEL  
JOHN MERCER

Harvard College  
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir: On, Wisconsin!

FRED ZETA  
Madison, Wis.

### Studies in Depth

Sir: Your reporter evidently interviewed sports-oriented students for the University of the Seven Seas story [Feb. 19]. Units of credit earned on the floating campus on a study voyage around the world have been accepted in approximately 50 colleges and universities among the 42 states from which students came.

DEAN C. DELMAR GRAY  
Vice President  
University of the Seven Seas  
Whittier, Calif.

### Black Orchids

Sir: Oh, good, good, good. I don't recognize any of the authors mentioned in your review of the black humorists [Feb. 12], except Heller, and I haven't read any of the books they have written, but I'm going to start all over again. To read something that isn't smelly, warmed over, thrown-up slop could be a treat of purest delight. I hope you haven't betrayed us.

A. BORSI  
Auburn, N.Y.

### Fundamental Problem

Sir: I don't know how many "old stories" from the Bible Bishop Chandler Sterling intends to "sweep away" [Feb. 12], but I hope he leaves intact the one

about the supernatural Jesus who has the power to forgive sins and regenerate human lives.

(MRS.) WANDA ANDERSON  
Greeley, Colo.

Sir: Shame on TIM for saying that fundamentalism cannot withstand critical Biblical scholarship and scientific facts. Fundamentalists do not need to fear the facts of science. The much-maligned simple believer is in reality carrying a torch of truth to the next generation.

EDWARDS E. ELLIOTT  
The Garden Grove  
Orthodox Presbyterian Church  
Garden Grove, Calif.

### Jewishness

Sir: As an American Jew who has always supported Israel, I was appalled to read of the injustice that the Israeli government has displayed to Rina Fitani [Feb. 12], and more appalled at your description of handbills circulated by the Nazarene Orthodox bearing a "warning against the Gentile in our midst." However, the Nazarene Orthodox are a small, fanatical group in Israel, in no way representative of the state itself.

JUDE ANN CORVIN  
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Sir: You are right, of course, in stating that in Israel, as elsewhere, Orthodox Jews maintain that the child of a Jewish father and an unconverted non-Jewish mother is a Gentile. Reform Judaism, however, accepts such a child as Jewish, if he attends a Jewish religious school and takes studies leading to confirmation.

RABBI MAURICE J. BLOOM  
Tremont Temple  
The Bronx

Sir: The religious precept that one's Judaism depends upon whether one's mother is a Jew is of such fundamental import that its violation would be shocking to the essence and being of the Jewish religion.

RABBI CHAIM COHEN  
Brooklyn

### Hiking Hippos

Sir: Even though the Zambesi hippo (unlike TIME, Feb. 5) may have heard of our Hippo Valley, 400 miles is still one hell of an overnight clomp to where you think we are.

A.J.G. BOWLES  
Triangle Sugar Estates  
Rhodesia

Sir: I always wondered why hippos have such short legs. Now I know: wear and tear from their nocturnal grazing habits.

ANTHONY J. SMITH  
Salisbury, Rhodesia

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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## THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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FOR the journalist who studies the flow of news on a thoughtful, long-range basis, nearly every week brings a new appreciation of sharp contrast in the pattern of events. Seldom has the sense of contrast been sharper than in two of the principal subjects dealt with in this issue of TIME.

One of these is a special section reporting in detail on an uncommon conference, of which Time Inc. was a major sponsor, held last week in New York City. Inspired by *Paxem in Terris* (Peace on Earth), the 1963 encyclical of the late Pope John XXIII, the conference brought together more than 1,500 philosophers, theologians, statesmen and diplomats of widely different backgrounds from all around the world. In what were idealistic and admittedly quite general terms, they discussed peace and how it might be attained.

There was a time of so-called thaw in the cold war, not many weeks ago, when such probing toward peace would have been considered the mainstream of the news. Last week, while the conferees talked of the rule of law and of order in the world, the top news was of chaos and of an enemy in Asia who growled that "peaceful coexistence is out of the question." It was to the hard issues of how to face that enemy that the editors turned for the lead story in *THE NATION* and the cover story in *THE WORLD*, our tenth cover on Communist China and its leaders since they seized power in 1949.

As is almost always the case with stories about inaccessible Communist China, the facts about the country were gathered from hundreds of peripheral sources, ranging from professional China watchers who monitor the sounds and words coming out of the mainland to visitors who bring out firsthand information. This week's stories, however, focus more on an analysis of policy and on the factors involved in the fateful Red China-U.S. confrontation. While men of good will search earnestly and hopefully for a way to peace in the world, it is also critically necessary to face aggressive power squarely and examine the means for dealing with it. Pleased as we are to report that men are striving for *pace in terra*, we chose this week's cover subject with the thought in mind that no one in the world should be confused about where the real danger to peace lies.

\* In his cover painting, applying the principle of contrast, Boris Chagrin used a Chou Dynasty (9th century B.C.) bronze tiger to symbolize China's military stance behind his portrait of the modern-dressed Foreign Minister Chen Yi.

## INDEX

Cover Story	25	The Requirements of Peace	36
Art	74	Medicine	77
Books	103	Milestones	95
Cinema	96	The Nation	19
Education	66	People	44
The Hemisphere	41	Press	52
The Law	49	Religion	68
Letters	11	Science	58
		Show Business	60
		Sport	80
		Theater	78
		Time Listings	6
		U.S. Business	85
		The World	25
		World Business	90

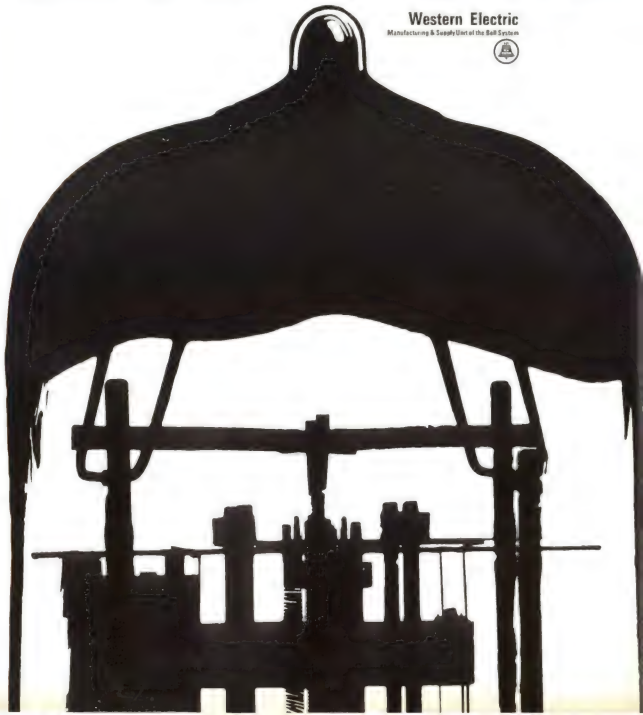
## WHY IS THE WORLD'S PUREST NICKEL AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN?

The ocean depths are forbidding and inaccessible. That's why the communications equipment Western Electric makes for the Bell System's underseas voiceways has to be able to work a minimum of 20 years without maintenance. Every inch must be as nearly perfect as it is humanly possible to make it. As an example, look at the electron tubes in the highly complex amplifiers that boost your voice signal every 20 miles along the way. All electron tubes, even of the highest quality, are subject to burn-out because of impurities in the nickel used to make cathodes. So how do you make a tube that you are reasonably sure will work for 20 years? Keep the impurities down below 50 parts in a million—about equal to a teaspoon of pepper in a barrel of salt. That's a challenge even in the laboratory. And Western Electric was called on to do it on a production basis. Solving difficult manufacturing problems, however, is one of the important skills Western Electric people have developed over the 83 years we have been part of the Bell System. It is a skill that helps turn the communications developments of Bell Laboratories into the reliable products that bring you the best, most convenient communications service in the world.



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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

February 26, 1965 Vol. 85, No. 9

## THE NATION

### FOREIGN RELATIONS

#### We Will Be Far Better Off Facing the Issue

The great fear that pervaded U.S. policy toward Korea 14 years ago today pervades U.S. policy toward South Viet Nam.

That is the fear of a confrontation with Communist China. It troubles President Johnson, who talks in terms of mortal peril about coming to grips "with 700 million Chinese." It came to afflict even General Douglas MacArthur, the old hero of Inchon and cham-

sequence of coup and counter-coup. The shooting war against the Viet Cong was relatively quiet, and President Johnson, despite his recent air reprisals against North Viet Nam for attacks on American personnel, now seemed willing to let matters calm down. But at home, the cries for negotiations leading to a withdrawal from Viet Nam came to crescendo.

On the journalistic side, they were led by the New York Times. In an editorial titled "The War Hawks," it said: "A comparatively small group of Americans, at this moment predominantly

"No Time for a Munich." There were, of course, strong opposing voices. To call for negotiations now, said Connecticut Democrat Thomas Dodd, would be like urging that "Churchill enter into negotiations with the Germans at the time of Dunkirk or that President Truman enter into negotiations with the Communists when we stood with our backs to the sea in the Pusan perimeter." Said Wyoming Democrat Gale McKee: "This is no time for another Munich. If Red China is prepared to expand its sphere of influence and territory in Southeast Asia,



MacARTHUR AT INCHON (1950)



EISENHOWER & JOHNSON AT THE WHITE HOUSE

*The question is as urgent as Viet Nam and as big as Asia.*

pion of crossing the Yalu, who in his declining years warned Johnson never to get involved in a war on the mainland of Asia.

No one talks seriously about a full-scale land war on China's mainland. But there can be no doubt whatever that China is the real enemy in Asia, and the greatest threat anywhere to world peace (see cover story). And there is room for argument that a more positive U.S. military policy toward Viet Nam would be to risk a confrontation with China in the right place at the right time.

"It Is Not Appeasement." Last week, however, seemed to be a good week for China's Communist bosses. U.S. efforts to establish a "stable" government in South Viet Nam seemed farther than ever from fruition after another ludicrous

political in character and predominantly Republican in politics, is doing its best to multiply the perils and frustrations of the war in Southeast Asia. This group ignores the realities of the present situation . . . It ignores the logistics and belittles the cost in lives lost, blood spilled and treasure wasted, of fighting a war on a jungle front 7,000 miles from the coast of California."

In the U.S. Senate, Idaho Democrat Frank Church declared that Viet Nam is "a war we cannot finish," called for a settlement guaranteed by the United Nations or a special peace-keeping force. North Dakota Democrat George McGovern said his mail has been running 15 to 1 for negotiations, said: "It is not appeasement to recognize that the problem of Southeast Asia does not lend itself to a military solution."

we might as well find out now, before it's too late."

Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen said: "However such proposals for negotiation under pressure may be explained or camouflaged by intricate rationales, it is simply a proposal to run up the white flag before the world and start running away from Communism." He and other Republican leaders, in a joint statement, declared: "So long as there is a Communist-promoted infiltration of South Viet Nam in violation of the 1954 and 1962 Geneva agreements," there can be no negotiations.

The 1954 agreement requires signatories, including North Viet Nam, to "respect the sovereignty, the independence, the unity and the territorial integrity" of all the nations involved, and "to refrain from any interference in their internal affairs."

on the Vietnamese question, and we urge the President to make this unmistakably clear to the world."

**Blackout.** As for President Johnson, he was keeping his own counsel about his plans for Viet Nam. He devoted many hours to the subject last week. He met with the National Security Council. He had a long session with visiting French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville, who tried to sell Charles de Gaulle's plan for an immediate international conference aimed at neutralizing all of what used to be French Indo-China.

The President also went out of his way to consult with Republican Dwight Eisenhower—sometimes a sign that a crash landing is in prospect. Hearing that Ike was in Washington for a routine physical examination, Johnson invited the old soldier to the White House for a two-hour talk, followed by lunch.

There was no public word as to the conversation, but its gist may have been reflected in a passage added by President Johnson to a speech he made that afternoon to businessmen attending a meeting of the National Industrial Conference Board (see BUSINESS).

Said the President: "I should like to end this visit with a word on Viet Nam. Our purpose, our objective there, is clear: to join in the defense and protection of freedom of a brave people who are under attack that is controlled and that is directed from outside their country. We have no ambition there for ourselves. We seek no dominion. We seek no conquest. We seek no wider war. But we must all understand that we will persist in the defense of freedom, and our continuing actions will be those which are justified and those that are made necessary by the continuing aggression of others."

Those were President Johnson's first, last and only public words on the subject of Viet Nam last week. Indeed, he ordered an Administration-wide news blackout that was broken only by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara in an appearance before the House Armed Services Committee to testify on U.S. defenses (see BOX).

McNamara placed the meaning of the U.S. effort in Viet Nam in a rather larger context than Johnson had. Speaking of the consequences of possible U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam, he said: "We may be certain that we would have to face this problem all over again in another place, or permit the Communists to have all of Southeast Asia by default. Thus, the choice is not simply whether to continue our efforts to keep South Viet Nam free and independent, but rather whether to continue our struggle to halt Communist

## "IF WE FAIL TO MEET IT HERE AND NOW..."

In his testimony to the House Armed Services Committee, the most articulate man in Washington was at his most eloquent. Excerpts from the statement of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara:

**F**OR many years after the last great war, the world scene was dominated by two giant power blocs, one a voluntary alliance of free nations led by the United States, the other a conquered empire ruled by the Soviet Union. In the free world alliance, the United States was the leading member because of the predominance of its economic and military power. In the Communist camp, the Soviet Union was the undisputed ruler not only because of its predominant economic and military power but also because it controlled the international Communist apparatus and was willing to back it up with military force when necessary.

**Over the Years.** Some time in the last five or ten years this situation began to change. On the free world side, the nations of Western Europe, as well as Japan in the Far East, began to get back on their feet politically and economically, and today the United States is no longer the only important economic and political power. On the Communist side, the absolute control of the Soviet Union has been successfully challenged, and now not only Yugoslavia, but also China, Albania and, to a lesser extent, other Communist nations of Eastern Europe are following policies directed to their own national interests. Long-frozen positions are beginning to thaw, and in the shifting currents of international affairs there will be new opportunities for us to enhance the security of the free world and thereby our own security. But there will also be new problems which will have to be faced, particularly how best to maintain the unity of the free world during this period of flux, while old positions, attitudes and relationships are being re-examined.

Our foreign policy has been remarkably consistent over the years. We ourselves have no territorial ambitions anywhere in the world, and we insist that all nations respect the territorial integrity of their neighbors. We do not seek the economic exploitation of any nation. Indeed, since the end of World War II, we have given other



SECRETARY McNAMARA

nations more than \$100 billion of our wealth and substance—an effort unparalleled in the history of mankind. We do not seek to overthrow, overtly or covertly, the legitimate government of any nation, and we are opposed to such attempts by others. In short, we seek a world in which each neighbor is free to develop in its own way, unmolested by its neighbors, free of the fear of armed attack from the more powerful nations.

**A Distinct Advantage.** Unfortunately the Communist governments do not share our objectives. I do believe that, like their predecessors, the new leaders of the Soviet Union fully appreciate the perils of general nuclear war and the danger of local wars escalating into nuclear war. I also believe that the leaders of Communist China are reluctant to challenge the full weight of our military power. But both the Soviet Union and Communist China continue to support what Mr. Khrushchev euphemistically called "wars of national liberation" or "popular revolts," which we know

as covert armed aggression, insurrection and subversion.

We must face up to the fact that the Communists have a distinct advantage over the democracies in this type of conflict. They are not inhibited by our ethical and moral standards—political assassination, robbery, arson, subversion, bribery are all acceptable means to further their ends. They are quick to take advantage of any breakdown of law and order, or of any economic or natural disaster.

We still have a long way to go in devising and implementing effective countermeasures against these techniques. For us, the task is an extremely difficult one. This is the kind of struggle which ultimately must be fought and won by the governments and peoples directly involved. It is not solely a military problem. It pervades every aspect of human endeavor and concern—political, social, economic and ideological. The road ahead will be difficult, and continuing sacrifices will be required of our people, both in money and in lives. But the challenge must surely be met. If we fail to meet it here and now, we will inevitably have to confront it later under even more disadvantageous conditions. This is the clear lesson of history which we can ignore only at our peril.

expansion in Asia. If the choice is the latter, as I believe it should be, we will be far better off facing the issue in South Viet Nam."

What McNamara did not say was that the present U.S. policy of advising but not fighting in Viet Nam is hardly a winning strategy. The U.S. can probably continue that policy for a considerable time without serious damage, but it cannot possibly win the war without a far deeper involvement. The present alternative to that involvement is negotiating from a position of weakness. Some day the inevitable choice will have to be made.

## THE PRESIDENCY

### Coonskins on the Wall

Despite his preoccupation with Viet Nam, President Johnson was, as usual, busy with other matters.

In a Cabinet Room ceremony, he received a report from the President's Council on Aging, made a vigorous off-the-cuff plea for passage of his medicare bill. Recalling that he and John Kennedy talked about medicare in almost every state in the 1960 campaign, Johnson said that there had been "deafening applause" every time it was mentioned. "So make no mistake about it," he said. "The people are ahead of us in this field. They want this program. They will support this program. They are going to have this program. I think that before the leaves turn brown in the fall, and before we go back to counsel and consult and exchange views with our constituencies, that we can have, as we say in my country, the coonskins on the wall instead of just a lot of conversation about them."

Still Smarting. Turning to Vice President Hubert Humphrey, the President told the council that in its efforts to further medicare it would "have not only the blessings of this Administration, but the very active understanding and co-operation of this virile young Vice President. He will be here on the job working with you every minute of the day, north, south, east and west." Then, apparently still smarting from criticism for failing to send Humphrey to the funeral of Sir Winston Churchill, the President added: "If he is not out of the country attending some funeral, he will be here working for you."

That night, the President and Mrs. Johnson hosted the third in a series of ten White House receptions for Congressmen and their wives. While the women joined Lady Bird in the White House television theater for a movie on White House history, the Congressmen talked shop with Johnson and several top aides. Two nights later the Johnsons held a similar reception. This time the feature attraction was a color film, to be televised nationwide this spring, called "Paintings in the White House: A Close-Up."

**The Record.** Near week's end, the President presided at a swearing-in ceremony for Postmaster General John

Gronouski, who is beginning his second term in office.\* Noting that Gronouski has promised overnight mail service throughout the U.S., Johnson joked: "I am for it. I would only point out that until that promise is fulfilled, I want the press to duly record that it is John Gronouski's promise, not mine. But if it does come to pass, it will be the record of the Johnson Administration."

## ARMED FORCES

### Three Hats for a Hero

The top military man in Norfolk wears three hats and controls one of the most complex and sensitive commands in the free world. A Navy officer, he is Commander in Chief, Atlantic Fleet,



MOORER ABOARD U.S.S. IWO JIMA  
"We're not worried—yet!"

head of all U.S. naval ships and planes in the Atlantic. He is also Commander in Chief, Atlantic, boss of a unified command that gives him control of all U.S. troops in the Atlantic area. And he is Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic—NATO's top sailor—which means that he must be versed in diplomacy as well as war. To this demanding post, President Johnson has appointed Four-Star Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, 53, the U.S.'s fastest-rising sailor.

Starting May 1, Moorer will succeed retiring Admiral Harold Page Smith. Taking over Moorer's job as Commander in Chief, Pacific Fleet, will be Vice Admiral Roy L. Johnson, 58, who, in turn, will give up his Seventh Fleet com-

mand to Rear Admiral Paul P. Blackburn, 56, the senior member of the United Nations Military Armistice Commission in Korea.

"If Anyone Can." Tom Moorer's promotion to Norfolk came as no surprise to his colleagues. Says Admiral Ulysses S. Grant Sharp, commander of U.S. forces in the Pacific: "We've worked together for many years; he's a brilliant man. While he gets along so very well with everyone, you mustn't get the impression he's easygoing. He stands up for his programs, and he's very persuasive. If anyone can get along with De Gaulle, Tom can."

Moorer's subordinates agree. Information Officer Robert Brett, who has worked with the admiral for more than two years, cites a recent occasion when Moorer was ordered to present a briefing. Moorer asked Brett for a look at some photographic slides that were to be shown. "He took out each slide and held it up to the window of the plane and looked at it for just a moment and put it back in. He went through 25, one after another. And then he said, 'Okay, now let's see if I have them'—and he told me what every slide was."

"Don't Worry." Born in Alabama, Moorer was his high school class's valedictorian at 15, had to wait around for two years before he could pick up his appointment to the class of 1933 at Annapolis. He was a Navy pilot at Pearl Harbor when the Japanese struck, came out of the war an authentic hero with a boxful of medals, including the Purple Heart, Legion of Merit, Distinguished Flying Cross, and the Silver Star.

Early in the war, Lieut. Moorer and a seven-man crew were flying a PBV-5 reconnaissance mission out of Port Darwin, Australia, when they were attacked by Japanese Zeros. Wounded in the thigh, his plane riddled and burning, Moorer set the plane down in the sea and climbed into a raft with his men. Soon they were picked up by a Philippine merchant ship. He was sitting on the fantail of the ship when the enemy planes reappeared and began a bombing run. "Don't worry!" called the Philippine skipper. "They've been doing that all day long. They can't hit anything!" Replied Moorer: "We're not worried—yet!" But a direct hit changed his mind, and Moorer and his crew jumped overboard. Minutes later the merchant ship sank. Four men were killed, including one of Moorer's own men, but the 40 survivors rowed to a small island, where they were picked up the next day. In Japan after the war, Moorer met the pilot who knocked down his plane, was given the pilot's sword as a souvenir.

Thanks to his wartime record and his cool professionalism, Moorer, at 45, became the youngest man ever to be promoted to admiral. He has been steaming ahead at flank speed ever since. And most Navy men agree that he has even brighter prospects ahead. Said CINCPAC's Admiral Sharp last week: "Tom is an outstanding candidate for the next Chief of Naval Operations."

\*The Postmaster General is the only Cabinet member with a statutory term of office. He serves the same term as the President who appoints him, plus one extra month.

## NEW YORK

### The Monumental Plot

Early this year, the Black Liberation Front, a hot-eyed batch of pro-Castro New York Negroes, got in touch with some Quebec separatists, an equally odd outfit fanatically dedicated to Quebec's secession from Canada. The Black Liberation boys wanted some dynamite; the Canadians were willing to provide it. From their agreement sprang one of the most convoluted conspiracies since Guy Fawkes schemed in 1605 to blow up the English Parliament with 36 barrels of gunpowder.

"**Damned Old Bitch.**" According to charges brought by New York police last week, the mastermind—if that is the word—of the plot was one Robert Steele Collier, 28, a library clerk who visited Cuba early last summer and returned to organize the Black Liberation Front. Also charged were Walter Augustus Bowe, 32, a onetime trumpet player who used to lead a combo called "The Angry Black Men," but more recently has worked as a \$50-a-week New York settlement-house youth leader, and boyish-looking Khaleel Sayyed, 22, son of an Arab-descended Negro who runs a Brooklyn delicatessen. And then there was husky (6 ft. 1 in., 201 lbs.) Raymond A. Wood, 31, a former Chester, S.C., high school football star.

The plotters were seeking to create a spectacular sort of disturbance that would dramatize the troubles of U.S. Negroes. Bowe, Sayyed and Wood started scouting around last month, visited the 300-ft.-high, 225-ton Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. Obviously, blowing up the Statue of Liberty would be as spectacular an event as anyone could wish for.

Bowe purchased an inexpensive replica of the statue, demonstrated to his colleagues that it would be a simple matter to break the lock on a door leading from the statue's head (where a million tourists annually stare out at the harbor through windows in the

crown) into the 42-ft.-long torch-bearing arm, from which the public is excluded. At the statue's shoulder, Bowe reported, the Black Liberation boys could plant a few sticks of dynamite, detonate them with electrical blasting caps, and—bang!—in one blast the "damned old bitch" would be rendered both headless and torchless.

**Enter la Femme.** It all sounded so good that Bowe had another idea: "This is so easy we should split up and knock out the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia." Why not? The Black Liberation boys became highly enthusiastic about wrecking U.S. shrines. As long as they were at it, why not the 555-ft.-high Washington Monument as well?

As a first step toward the sabotage, Collier ordered Ray Wood to pick up some planks and nails to make spiked boards for puncturing police-car tires, and gasoline bottles for Molotov cocktails. Collier also began talking about setting up three-man demolition teams to knock out U.S. oilfields and military installations. Early this month, Collier and Wood went to Canada to make final arrangements for bringing in 30 sticks of dynamite. A frowsy, 6-ft., blonde named Michelle Duclos, 26, was to bring the dynamite from Montreal to New York in her car. She is a member of the separatist *Rassemblement pour l'Indépendance Nationale*, is a sometime performer on Montreal's French-language television station CFTM, and a frequent visitor to New York for dates with African representatives to the U.N.

To the Black Liberation plotters, things seemed to be going swimmingly. Little did they know that in their midst was an undercover agent: big Ray Wood, not a pro-Castro kook at all but a New York rookie cop. Last summer he was taken from his classes at the police academy, ordered to infiltrate left-wing groups like the Black Libera-

tion Front that at the time were suspected of fomenting Harlem riots. Wood spent hours plodding picket lines and insulting cops, managed to gain Collier's confidence, and joined the conspirators' inner circle. He kept a daily diary of the lunatic schemings. Soon, every detail of the plot was known to New York cops, the FBI and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

**Highly Volatile.** Early last week in Montreal, Michelle Duclos loaded the trunk of her white 1961 Rambler with a brown cardboard box full of dynamite—each stick wrapped in pages of a French-language newspaper. The New Yorkers almost certainly could have purchased or stolen their dynamite closer to home, but getting it from Quebec terrorists added to the internationalism of it all.

It was not very good stuff. Ordinarily, dynamite is a stable explosive; it can be bumped and jostled without much danger. But old dynamite deteriorates, undergoing chemical changes that turn it into highly volatile nitroglycerin, which could explode at the slightest jiggle. Michelle's dynamite was old, deteriorated and dangerous. She was obviously unaware of this fact as she sped toward New York. So were the FBI agents who tailed her, constantly radiating news of her progress to other law-enforcement men along the way. Luckily, Michelle got to New York early on the morning of Feb. 16 without being blown to smithereens; she cached the dynamite in a vacant lot in the prosperous Riverdale residential section of The Bronx, checked into a Manhattan hotel, and got in touch with Ray Wood to report that the explosives had arrived.

A few hours later, FBI men swept in, arrested Bowe at his home, Sayyed at his father's store, and Michelle at the Hotel Excelsior. New York police grabbed Collier at the Riverdale vacant lot as he and Wood arrived to pick up the dynamite. The four were charged with conspiring to destroy Government property, which carries a maximum penalty of \$10,000 and ten years in



ORGANIZER COLLIER (LEFT)



INFILTRATOR WOOD (FACE AVERTED) & MURPHY  
Fancier than Fawkes, and as foolish.



CONSPIRATOR DUCLOS

prison. Collier was also charged with unlawful possession of explosives.

**"Routine Case."** At a press conference with beaming New York Police Commissioner Michael J. Murphy, Ray Wood explained: "I just tried to do my best." Commissioner Murphy gave Wood an on-the-spot promotion from rookie (\$6,325 annual salary) to detective third-grade (\$8,126). Next day Murphy was even more impressed by Wood's performance, upped him once more, to detective second-grade (\$8,572). Said Murphy: "There was nothing lucky about this case. An undercover man risked his life for months." Mumbled modest Hero Wood: "I thought this was just another routine case."

## On the Lam

Democratic Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr. is the most powerful and probably the most popular political figure in Harlem. And he keeps that status even though he has been on the lam from Harlem, and New York State, for nearly two years.

Powell's problem is this: on March 6, 1960, he appeared on television to indulge in one of his routine denunciations of cops in Harlem, most of whom he claims are on the take from gamblers, narcotics and flesh peddlers; in the course of his diatribe, he named a Harlem widow named Esther James as "bag woman" for the police department.

Mrs. James sued Powell for libel, went to court, won a \$211,500 jury verdict, which a judge later cut down to \$46,500. To avoid paying off, Powell has since steered clear of New York, spent most of his time commuting between Capitol Hill, where he manages to appear for two or three days every week or so, and his villa in Puerto Rico. Interest on his evaded libel penalty has increased the amount owed to \$52,000, and last week a jury, reviewing the whole history of the case, awarded Mrs. James an additional \$210,000, for a total of \$262,000.

**"Lily-White Bench."** At no time has Powell appeared in court on his own behalf. And last week he chose for the first time to give any public explanation of "my side of the case." He rose in the House of Representatives, where he could say whatever he wished and, under the U.S. Constitution, he legally free and clear of any threat of libel or slander.

Whereupon, in "this holy place, this well of this great body," he delivered himself of one of his most demagogic speeches. Harlem's cops, he cried, are "the dogs of the police force." The U.S. press is unfair, he added, and particularly the New York Times, "the unfriendliest newspaper in the entire U.S. to me."

Powell claimed that he was a victim of New York's "lily-white bench and underworld-controlled judges." Cops and crooks were in cahoots to prevent



CONGRESSMAN POWELL  
Holier than the place.

him from cleaning up Harlem's corruption. Prize example: Arthur Powers, a gambler, was shot to death last Oct. 20; the killers, Terry Lindsay, "Skippy" Martin and "Hank" Hawkins, were known, but "have been sheltered by the police." Moreover, Esther James, the 68-year-old domestic whom Powell had already libeled, was the "finger woman" for the murder.

**"Only One."** As usual, Powell was less than careful with his facts. Gambler Powers had been killed on the specified date. One Perry—not Terry—Lindsay was arrested a few days later, has been in jail ever since, and is under indictment on a first-degree murder charge. Police have been hunting for Martin and Hawkins for months, but apparently the two men are, like Powell himself, on the lam. As for his latest charge against Esther James, Powell probably would have been hit with another libel suit if he had made it anywhere except on the House floor, where he has immunity.

Powell concluded his self-exonerating House speech with a stirring statement about his battle against the forces of evil: "I am only one, but I am one. I cannot do everything, but I can do something. What I can do, that I ought to do, and what I ought to do, by the grace of God, I will do!"

## CIVIL RIGHTS

### The Freedom Fever

The Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. was abed with a bad cold. Sheriff Jim Clark of Selma, Ala., was down with "exhaustion." But both men arose last week to renew their bitter civil rights struggle.

King got off to a good start. In Selma, he was joined in a march on the county courthouse by some 1,400 Negroes, armed with a parade permit for the first time since their voting registration drive began five weeks ago. Ninety-one Negroes were permitted to apply—by far

the biggest single-day total in Selma's history. The drive was going well in nearby Marion too, and King was obviously elated. He cried to his followers there: "You all really have the freedom fever here."

**"An Evil Man."** Next day Clark had his own sort of inning. About 25 Negroes were kept waiting outside the courthouse in a drenching rain. Clark appeared, read a court order forbidding demonstrations. The Rev. C. T. Vivian, a close King associate, berated Clark: "Maybe you're not as bad as Hitler," he shouted, "but you are an evil man!" Whereupon Clark knocked him, mouth bloodied, to the ground. Said Clark later: "If I hit him, I don't know it. One of the first things I ever learned was not to hit a nigger with your fist because his head is too hard. Of course, the camera might make me out a liar. I think I have a broken finger."

It was in Marion, three days after King's departure, that some of the worst civil rights violence in months broke out. About 400 Negroes started to march from the Zion Methodist Church to the town jail, protesting the arrest of a fellow worker. Waiting outside the church were eight Marion cops, 50 state troopers, a bunch of redneck huns—and Selma's Sheriff Clark, in civilian clothes but carrying a billy club.

**"Nightmare of Stupidity."** Using a bullhorn, Marion Police Chief T. O. Harris told the Negroes: "This is an unlawful assembly. You are hereby ordered to disperse. Go home or go back in the church." Some Negroes kept walking. The cops surged forward. Some Negroes ran, tried to take refuge in Mac's Café, about a block from the church. State troopers crashed in after them. One Negro, Jimmy Lee Jackson, made a break for the door, was shot in the stomach, taken to a hospital in critical condition. In all, more than a dozen Negroes, including six women, were treated for injuries.

Next day, Montgomery's Alabama Journal called the violence in Marion "a nightmare of state police stupidity" and "the worst outrage since the church bombing in Birmingham." Said the paper: "Alabama is, once again and worse than ever before, disgraced by mindless 'police work' and blood."

### Interpretation, Anyone?

Although the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights was set up in 1957 to investigate civil rights abuses, not until this month did it get around to hearings in Mississippi. For several years, Robert Kennedy, as Attorney General, argued successfully that the commission should stay out of the state; it would, he said, only stir up more trouble where there was already plenty.

**"False Image."** But last week, after a few sessions behind closed doors, the commission finally held public hearings in Mississippi's capital at Jackson. Witnesses included Governor Paul Johnson,





DEAN GRISWOLD



REGISTRAR HOOD

*The tester took the test—and flunked.*

who argued that "the unfavorable and false image of Mississippi that has been created by the few in our state who have committed unpardonable criminal acts has been exploited by unfriendly national news media." They also included 41 Mississippi Negroes, telling of the civil rights abuses they have suffered in their native state. But the plight of Negroes in Mississippi was perhaps most strikingly illustrated by a white segregationist: G. H. Hood, voting registrar of Humphreys County in the western part of Mississippi.

That county's 12,600 Negroes comprise two-thirds of its population, but not a single one is registered to vote. Since Hood, a balding man with a dark scowl, became registrar in 1960, only 16 Negroes have even bothered to try. As elsewhere in Mississippi, the most effective block to Negro registration is a state law requiring that any prospective voter read and interpret to the satisfaction of registrars one of the 286 sections of the state constitution. It is the registrar, of course, who picks the section for the test.

Section 8 of the constitution, for example, provides simply that "all persons, resident in this state, citizens of the United States, are hereby declared citizens of the state of Mississippi." It is highly favored by registrars in testing white applicants.

But a prospective Negro voter is far more likely to be asked for an interpretation of Section 182, which provides: "The power to tax corporations and their property shall never be surrendered or abridged by any contract or grant to which the state or any political subdivision thereof may be a party, except that the legislature may grant exemption from taxation in the encouragement of manufacturers and other new enterprises of public utility extending for a period of not exceeding five years, but when the legislature grants

such exemptions for a period of five years or less, it shall be done by general laws, which shall distinctly enumerate the classes of manufactures and other new enterprises of public utility entitled to such exemptions, and shall prescribe the mode and manner in which the right to such exemptions shall be determined."

**Taking the Cue.** As Registrar Hood appeared last week, Harvard Law School Dean Erwin Griswold, a member of the commission, leaned toward him and said: "I hand you a copy of Section 182 of the Mississippi state constitution. For the benefit of the commission, would you give us a reasonable interpretation of it?" Hood read silently, then said, "Well, it means that the power to tax corporations and their property . . ." Interrupted Griswold: "I didn't ask you to read it—I asked you to interpret it."

Hood turned to his attorney, James Bridges, and the two began a whispered conversation. Again Griswold interrupted. "I don't want your counsel's interpretation," he snapped. "I want your interpretation." Bridges objected that he was not discussing interpretation of the section with Hood, but merely advising his client whether or not to answer the question at all. Taking his cue quickly, Hood refused an answer. Asked Griswold: "On what grounds? That it might incriminate you?" Replied Hood: "Yes."

## REPUBLICANS

### Tips from the Top

What makes for a successful political fund-raising dinner? According to Sidney Captain, Republican finance chairman in Baltimore County, Md., and one of the G.O.P.'s most experienced banquetiers, the answer is beef, booze and "hostesses—make them slender and pretty." How to make a form letter

appear to be personally signed? Well, there is an offset process that produces smudgeable signatures that look exactly as if they had been written in blue ink.

These and other tips from the top were given at a Washington seminar last week for some 500 Young Republicans. Opening the four-day "leadership training" conference was outgoing Republican National Chairman Dean Burch, who advised the heavily pro-Goldwater audience: "Let's not be so enthralled with further fratricide that we can't elect men in 1966. And let's stop castigating and start cultivating the press. We Republicans are not sick, we're not dead, we're not dying, and we're not ready for the ashean of history. We're not so down and out that the only remedy that will put us back on our feet is a large dose of Dr. Johnson's snake oil."

**Call for Cultivation.** Last year, said Burch, "may be remembered as the year in which the Republican Party invaded the South and stayed there." But he also had a warning about the so-called "Southern strategy" that characterized the Goldwater campaign. In the future, he said, "our national strategy is not going to be based on a racist appeal, overt or covert, but on the economic conservatism of the Southern voter." And the G.O.P. must cultivate the Negro vote in the South. "You don't have to go down there and wave the Confederate flag," he said. "But we do have to take steps to see that Martin Luther King's followers don't just automatically register as Democrats."

Even blunter was defeated Illinois gubernatorial Candidate Charles Percy, who called for "a progressive party in the tradition of Lincoln" and said: "We have got to get this party away from being an Anglo-Saxon Protestant white party." Echoed House Minority Leader Gerald Ford of Michigan: "Unfortunately, we have not been able to sell the people on the fact that our solutions are better for the people as a whole and in conformity with the framework of America's basic principles."

**From Schism to Schism.** Near conference's end, Barry Goldwater showed up looking tanned and fit, surrounded by autograph seekers and well-wishers. In his speech, Goldwater declared: "Enough time has gone by to know that it was image that decided the election. Your candidate, and that was me in case you forgot it, was saddled with two images: that I would risk war too easily and that I would destroy the social security system. They were in fact the biggest political lies ever told in this country." He urged that the "stupidity" of the party's 1964 schism not be repeated, then proceeded to lay the groundwork for another schism by saying: "I say to my liberal friends, 'If you want to take over the party, try your darndest.' I say to my conservative friends, 'If you want to retain control of the party, work.'"



# THE WORLD

## ASIA

### A Test for Tigers

(See Cover)

Out of Peking's Forbidden City, once the seat of China's emperors and now the headquarters of its Red masters, stomped an angry man in dark sunglasses. He was Marshal Chen Yi, Foreign Minister of the Chinese People's Republic and spokesman for Chairman Mao Tse-tung. "United States imperialism is the most ferocious enemy of the world's people," Chen declared in a speech at the Soviet embassy. "Peaceful coexistence is out of the question. Only in concrete action against the U.S. and its followers can the Chinese-Soviet alliance be tested and tempered."

Moving on to Nepal's embassy, Chen got even more excited. "Sheer drivel!" he cried when asked about U.S. demands that Communist guerrilla attacks in South Viet Nam be stopped. "There will be no peace in Indo-China," prophesied Chen, "so long as the aggressive forces of U.S. imperialism hang on there." Later, Chen told a touring Swiss journalist: "The Chinese people will not stand idly by as North Viet Nam is attacked. China and North Viet Nam go together like teeth and lips."

In that odd, oral simile Chen neglected to say who was the teeth and who was merely the lip. But Peking's friends provided plenty of lip service. From Djakarta to Caracas, mobs led by Chinese Communist and other "students" smashed U.S. embassy windows, burned cars, ripped American flags, winged inkpots, and howled for Lyndon Johnson's blood. Back in Moscow after his eleven-day swing through Asia, So-

viet Premier Aleksei Kosygin at least partly echoed the Peking line; he promised "appropriate" military aid to the North Vietnamese, and his propaganda machine threatened dire consequences unless "American imperialism" withdraws from Indo-China. On the surface at least, the divided Communist giants were closing ranks.

**The Real Issue.** Even in the paralyzed U.N. General Assembly, Peking's pals were busy raising a final bit of hell before adjournment. In Cambodia, Chief of State Norodom Sihanouk, who long ago decided that the Red Chinese are bound to win in Asia, is convening an Indo-Chinese People's Conference, at which many of the area's Communist and pro-Communist groups will no doubt demand the withdrawal of the U.S. "aggressors." Sihanouk's scheme was dignified by a letter from Charles de Gaulle, whose Foreign Minister, Maurice Couve de Murville, was in Washington pushing the French line about neutralization of Southeast Asia.

In South Viet Nam itself, the mood oscillated between faint rays of optimism and farce. The U.S. retaliatory air strikes against the North had lifted Saigon morale, and there was some feeling that continued U.S. pressure—rather than just tit-for-tat response—might create a climate of hope in which some political stability could be achieved. But while a new civilian government was trying to set itself up in business, the army engaged in another disheartening series of coups and countercoups (see South Viet Nam). On the military side, things looked a little better. For the moment, the Viet Cong were quiet. Presumably they had been

given pause by the U.S. raids of Feb. 7 and 11. And besides, they were tired from the ferocious pace they had set for most of that week; they lost 795 men, more than in any earlier period, while taking 37 American and 290 South Vietnamese lives.

But beyond Saigon politics, beyond the agonizing guerrilla war, beyond the question of further air strikes against North Viet Nam, loomed the basic issue: the U.S. confrontation with Red China. Mao Tse-tung professes to take an unhurried view of the matter. "The Americans will tire," he told U.S. Journalist Edgar Snow recently. "They don't have the patience for this."

Perhaps not. But that is what the conflict comes down to: a test of patience, of will, of strength involving the whole balance of power in Asia.

**Foothold on the Rim.** In the vast sweep of country from Angkor Wat to the Great Wall, from the Yellow Sea to the Pamirs, Red China seeks hegemony. There is little doubt that Peking has two long-range objectives: 1) to drive the U.S. from the Asian mainland and eventually out of all Asia and 2) to re-establish Chinese borders as they were under the 18th century Manchu Dynasty.

China's borders then penetrated deeply into what is now Soviet territory, both on the west and beyond the Amur River to the north. Manchu China encompassed all of Mongolia, Korea and Taiwan. To the south, China either extracted tribute from much of the Indo-Chinese peninsula or else dominated trade so thoroughly that tribute was unnecessary. All this made the Chinese hated, feared, but nonetheless respected in the region. Since then, history has not



MAO TSE-TUNG (THIRD FROM LEFT) & FELLOW LEADERS AT PEKING RALLY  
From Angkor Wat to the Great Wall, Marxists with Manchu ambitions.

avored Chinese ambition. First the colonial powers of Europe, then the Japanese conquerors early in World War II, and finally the U.S.—after assuming France's responsibilities in 1961—denied China control over the rice bowls of Indo-China. South Viet Nam, Malaysia and Thailand represent salients on the edge of China's sphere of influence.

So the Viet Nam battle comes down to the basic question: Can the U.S. and its allies retain their foothold on the rim of Asia, or must they eventually give way to China's insistent pressure?

**Western Force.** In one sense, it is absurd that the question should be posed at all, because the Western side is overwhelmingly stronger. If Peking's famous propaganda phrase is applicable to anyone, it is not the U.S. but Red China that is the "paper tiger."

The U.S. and its allies in the Western Pacific are deployed in a highly mobile, heavily armed arc of military power

around China (see map). Carriers, cruisers and attack transports of the U.S. Seventh Fleet range the bulge of Asia from the bleak Kuriles north of Japan to the "gong-tormented" South China Sea. Three Polaris subs recently attached to the fleet add a 48-missile nuclear punch with a range of 1,500 miles, thus freeing the carriers from strategic responsibilities and allowing them to support Viet Nam operations.

The U.S. Air Force keeps 32 tactical squadrons of strike aircraft, ranging from Japan to the Philippines, while two squadrons of Strategic Air Command B-52s are on station at Guam. Air Force transports could carry a sizable force from Okinawa or Hawaii into Thailand within 24 hours. Since 1962's Laos crisis, which brought U.S. marines into Thailand, the U.S. and the Thais have been busy creating a military infrastructure that would make Thailand a final redoubt if the rest of Indo-China were

to be abandoned. Three all-weather, 10,000-ft. jet strips have been built, and the hardware and ammunition needed to supply a brigade of U.S. troops is stockpiled in the countryside. The U.S. has even implemented its own psychological-warfare campaign among the Thais: USIS and Thai Mobile Information Teams produce films in the popular *Mohlam* style, with pro-Western propaganda messages insinuated in the love lyrics sung by the *Mohlam* actors.

**Also, the British.** Off Southeast Asia, a Marine Corps ready force of 1,500 men is embarked continuously, some aboard amphibious landing ships, some on carriers. In addition to its own force of 222,000 men, the U.S. can count with some surety on the support of 550,000 South Korean troops in the event China carries through its threats in that peninsula. The R.O.K. forces have recently been equipped with the latest in American weaponry: Hawk antiaircraft-missile batteries, Northrop F-5 supersonic "Freedom Fighters," and 175-mm. cannon that pack a harder, flatter wallop than anything North Korea possesses. A real showdown would release Chiang Kai-shek's well-armed, tautly disciplined 600,000-man force, and in that eventuality the U.S. could probably also count on 40,000 SEA-10-allied Filipinos.

Far to the southwest, the British have heeded up their forces to counter Indonesia's Peking-leaning President Sukarno, who threatens to "crush Malaysia." The 70,000 British and Commonwealth troops—including 50 Royal Navy men-o'-war and some 250 bombers—might not join a U.S.-Chinese fight directly, but they could be counted upon to defend the left flank from any incursion.

What can China offer in response? Mostly size and mass. Mao must rely

on his powerful, ponderous infantry of 2,500,000 troops, backed by 12 million militiamen.

Well trained in both conventional and guerrilla warfare, the Chinese foot soldier is amply armed with Chinese-made automatic weapons—usually a stamped copy of the Russian World War II vent-barreled burp gun. He is supported by light and medium mortars, bazooka-style rocket launchers, recoilless rifles, and artillery that in performance ranks with the best in the world. As to armor and transport, Mao's millions are woefully under-equipped. Some 4,000 Russian T-34 tanks are still operating, but though that machine was first-rank armor during the Korean War, it is now obsolete. Still, armor would be of little use to any army fighting in Southeast Asia, an area about as conducive to good traction as a rumpled rug on a waxed floor.

**Weakness in the Air.** Though China's air force ranks third in size in the world (behind the U.S. and Russia), its 2,900 planes are mostly obsolete MIG-15s and 17s. Western experts pre-



diet that China will soon start turning out a few advanced MIG-19 and 21 jets on its own, but production will be slow and light. In any air clash with U.S. Navy and Air Force jets over Southeast Asia, Mao's planes would certainly be swept from the skies in a matter of days. Even the Chinese Nationalists, flying slow F-86 Sabre jets armed with Sidewinder air-to-air missiles, were able to shoot down 32 Red Chinese planes during 1958's Formosa Straits dustup. Since then, Red jets have rarely appeared over the Taiwan Straits. Moreover, military experts in Asia note that Chinese jets have not left their borders, even to make a show of force over North Viet Nam.

Of bombers, China mounts 300 Russian-built IL-28 twin-jets, but these planes are incapable of supersonic flight and thus become easy prey for U.S. air defense. China's navy is strictly a coastal-defense outfit, although its 28 submarines—if committed in a surprise thrust against the U.S. Seventh Fleet—could do some damage.

Theoretically, the Chinese might diffuse Western forces by fighting in half a dozen places at once, from Korea to India. But, given their immense logistical problems and other weaknesses, most military experts are sure that the Chinese could not possibly mount a multiple-front war.

**Land v. Sky & Sea.** In sum, while the U.S. still fears a land-based entanglement with China's vast army, American military superiority is overwhelming in any situation where air and sea-



RED CHINESE AIR FORCE BOMBERS & CREWS  
A marked preference for the ground.

ground forces. As one observer puts it: "He wants the Vietnamese to fight the Americans, and he wants the Laotians and Cambodians and Thais and Burmese and anyone else Peking can subvert to fight the Americans." After his first audience with Mao Tse-tung, the new French ambassador to Peking reportedly cabled Paris in some horror that Mao "regards human life as part of his inventory of resources and is perfectly willing to spend it." But he plainly does not want to start spending the inventory unless he has to.

**Slow Creep Forward.** Perhaps the most vulnerable part of China is its economy, which would suffer disastrously in any war. Mao tries to divert Chinese attention from the weakness of the economy by harping on austerity as a kind of ethic. Last week, fearful that the traditional Lantern Festival with its fireworks, kite flying, dragon and lion dances would evoke memories of long-gone "golden eras," the regime sent cadres of girls to block celebrators from entering Shanghai's Temple of the Goddess of Mercy. Shop windows wore posters calling on people to end superstitious practices (one showed a coin on a coil of burning incense, implying that money spent on joss sticks is money profitlessly burnt). Traditional "round-the-Kang" murals no longer depict scenes of filial piety but show "realistic" revolutionary hardship. In Peking, where chrysanthemums and purple cabbages once added daubs of color to the overwhelming grey of the city, the only flowers to be seen are in parks, under signs that read "The Chrysanthemum is a Collective Flower." The cabbages are being salted down in jars in backyards—a sign that

the Chinese believe vegetables will be scarce in the spring.

During the slow creep forward from the disastrous Great Leap six years ago, China's recovery has been uncertain all the way. Western economic analyses show China today at about the same level as 1957—with seven years of population growth adding to the burden. In most areas, the Chinese are still trying to transform a medieval economy into a late 19th century one. Typical of Chinese improvisation is a clever device recently developed for "mechanized" plowing of rice fields: the plow is dragged back and forth by barges sailing in canals at either end of the field.

Although China produces about as much food grain as the U.S., its population (700 million) is nearly four times as large, and Mao's regime must import 6,000,000 tons of grain a year merely to keep its people at subsistence level. Each year fully a third of Peking's convertible foreign exchange is spent on grain.

**Aid from Trade.** Still, Mao's hard-handed central planners have engineered some striking gains in industry. Since the Korean War, steel production has increased 800% (still only a low 8-10 million tons a year, v. almost 40 million tons for Japan), coal output has tripled, and petroleum production is 20 times what it was then. As a result, China could within the next few years hope to produce enough fuel to keep its 2,900-plane air force flying for a change. In fact, Western intelligence sources claim that Red China's planes have been much more active in training flights over the past six months, indicating that fuel production has already increased considerably.

China has also received an economic boost from the West—through trade. Business between Red China and the



power can be brought to bear. Mao Tse-tung seems determined to avoid any such situation. Protesting a little too much, an editorial in People's Daily last week asked: "What is naval and air superiority after all? Even if twelve American aircraft carriers are deployed in this area, it would only mean twelve more airports on the ocean. What can they do, since the outcome of the war in Viet Nam must be decided on the ground?"

Almost unanimously, military experts believe that Mao wants to avoid any direct encounter with the U.S., if he can possibly help it. His first aim clearly is to continue guerrilla war and subversion, where air- and seapower are least effective—even if the U.S. were to overcome moral and political scruples and use such power fully. Next, Mao wants to use other people's

The Kang is a raised, brick bed under which a fire is lighted to warm peasant homes; homey murals bedeck the surrounding walls.



CHEN & SUKARNO'S WIFE

non-Communist world rose 30% last year and now comprises more than half of China's total trade. Despite 14 years of U.S. objections, many of Washington's allies are serving Mao's purposes as suppliers and customers. Canada leads the imports list with \$155 million in China trade, while Hong Kong and Malaysia took the largest amount of Chinese exports (\$340 million). Japan, the object of much Chinese wooing over the past few years, bought \$146 million worth of goods from Peking last year, while exporting \$143 million to China. France, Britain, West Germany, Australia and Argentina also ranked high in trade with Peking.

**Help from Puritans.** This recovery from the Great Leap has emboldened Mao to draw up another Five Year Plan (after a three-year lapse) due to begin next year. But Mao knows that the greatest internal danger to his economy is population growth. Each year the Chinese increase in number by roughly 12 million—the equivalent of the population of Taiwan. To cut back on this score, China is once again advocating birth control, and early marriages are frowned upon. Couples who marry too early, in the Party's opinion, are likely to find themselves working hundreds of miles apart. Chinese "puritanism" helps too: boys and girls sleep in segregated dormitories, and block wardens keep a sharp eye out for hanky-panky in hallways or back alleys.

For all his slowly healing economy, Mao is hell-bent on developing a costly nuclear-strike capability. As Marshal Chen Yi once put it: "We'll build atomic bombs, no matter what—even if the job makes it necessary for us to go about without wearing pants." Last week Washington called a second Chinese bomb test imminent, and although the State Department remarked that the second bomb "would appear as of now to have no more military significance than the first," the Chinese might very well drop the next bomb from a TU-4 bomber rather than explode it on a test tower. That would give Mao a great psychological boost in the eyes of al-



NEKRUMAH, CHEN & AIDE, CHOU  
Pingpong, anyone? Or tit-tit-tit for tat?

ready intimidated Asians, hinting at the threat of Chinese delivery capacity.

All this aids Peking's most powerful weapon—subversion. The central agency for foreign subversion is the Party's United Front Work Department. Divided into internal and external, political, economic and military sections, U.F.W.D. seeks to win the favor of non-Communist nationalists abroad, organizes innumerable friendship associations and cultural societies. As a rule, Peking avoids blatant takeovers of national movements, prefers to give them financial and arms support and help agitate against "imperialist" rule.

Being relatively new to the subversion game, Mao's men frequently make mistakes and are caught in embarrassing situations. In Burundi this month, a high-handed, totally undiplomatic Chinese embassy was expelled local, stock and barrel, thus depriving Peking of its most important Central African base. But closer to home, China has done well, thanks to a small, skillful group of tirelessly traveling diplomats, headed by Premier Chou En-lai and his substantial shadow, Foreign Minister Chen Yi.

**The Hotchpot Man.** Chen's personality is ideally suited to Peking's purpose: mercurial, cultured, tough, he can referee a pingpong match between Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah and Chou at Accra, dance with Mrs. Sukarno or talk "NEOS" and "OLDFOS" (New Emerging and Old Established Forces) with Mr. Sukarno in Djakarta. In Katmandu some years ago, he flew into a top-popping rage at an Indian reporter who was needling him about Tibet. Another time he delighted Japanese businessmen by mimicking Nikita Khrushchev—Chen's girth made him good casting for the part—growing Red-faced as he repeated Nikita's crack that China was "a mass of human flesh and nothing else." A U.S. reporter once buttholed Chen and asked him whether China intended to recognize the U.S. Chen's answer: a jolly "No!"

In a sense, Chen Yi, 64, is an outsider who made it into the ranks of Red China's leadership by dint of energy and courage. The hard-core Chinese leaders—Mao, Premier Chou En-lai, President Liu Shao-chi, Marshal Chu Teh—all took part in the Long March, Mao's epic retreat from the Nationalist

Armies in 1934. Chen stayed behind, south of the Yangtze River, hence never acquired that special patina of heroism of the Long Marchers. Chen was left behind for good cause: in the early 1930s, he supported an anti-Mao faction in Kiangsi province, and although Chen shrewdly changed horses later, Mao took a long time to forgive him.

As Mao's *Kuai-va-shou* (thatchet man), the rehabilitated Chen quelled a revolt in which hundreds died; during World War II he led Mao's Fourth Army across the Yangtze, later won several major victories in the Civil War, and in 1949 emerged—thanks to Mao—as the "conqueror" of East China. His tough, agile infantrymen chewed up dozens of Nationalist divisions. But for all his military success, Chen was afflicted with what the Chinese Communists call "liberalism"—a certain inability to adapt to Mao's hard-boiled personal asceticism. Chen prefers Western suits to the stern, closed-collar pajamas affected by Mao. Chou and Liu, plays go (a Japanese game of strategy) like an expert—though one Japanese master found him "too hasty." In Shanghai some years ago, Chen's friendliness with Chekiang Opera Star Yuan Hsueh-feng was the talk of the Bund. He once said: "Without women, a guerrilla unit has no soul."

Like Mao, Chen is a poet, but his verses tend less toward ideology than his master's. In Geneva during the 1961-62 Laos peace talks, he wrote:

*With the waters of the Rhone as my pillow*

*And facing the mountains of France*  
*Under the delectably cold moonlight*  
*I forget my long trip.*

**The Options.** Against this complex enemy, what are the U.S. choices? Despite Charles de Gaulle's belief that the U.S. and China are a pair of rigid giants locked in relentless struggle, the actions available are both multiple and mutable:

- **U.S. WITHDRAWAL** from South Viet Nam would of course leave all of mainland Indo-China within Peking's reach. The U.S. might fall back on Thailand and still make quite a stand there, together with the plucky Thais and backed by U.S. offshore power. But this would depend on Thailand's willingness to bet its existence on U.S.

determination and skill. After a U.S. retreat from South Viet Nam, not many would care to make such a bet. In short, withdrawal would largely destroy American credibility as a reliable anti-Communist ally—in Bangkok, in Seoul, in Manila and elsewhere. It would push Cambodia and Indonesia completely into China's lap. Malaysia would catch the brunt of this power realignment, thus forcing the British into a narrow, nasty corner. According to many experts, Russia would regret this move as much as the U.S., since it would immensely strengthen Peking's pretensions to the leadership of world Communism.

- **NEGOTIATED NEUTRALIZATION** would only delay the effects of complete withdrawal. Right now, what is there to negotiate? The U.S. would have to insist on a non-Communist South Viet Nam, and this probably could be obtained only by 1) a foolproof international control, which is almost impossible to achieve; and 2) exclusion of the Communists from future South Vietnamese government, since "coalitions" including Reds usually end up all Red. But at present neither the Viet Cong nor their mentors in Hanoi or Peking have any reason to accept such terms. Thus any neutralization formula now possible would sooner or later deliver the Indo-Chinese peninsula to Communist domination.

- **TIT-FOR-TAT RESPONSE** against North Vietnamese Communist nations and staging areas might inhibit both the Viet Cong and Hanoi to some extent. But essentially the policy of hitting North Viet Nam whenever the Viet Cong get too nasty leaves the initiative to the Communists and might at best maintain a shaky status quo. By itself it certainly could not chance the course of the guerrilla war in the South sufficiently to send the U.S. into negotiations with a real, strong hand. Some of the top-ranking U.S. military commanders in Asia think it is high time the U.S. engaged in a little "tit-tit-tit for tat."

- **MEASURED RESPONSE** aimed at hurting the North Vietnamese enough to keep them from supporting the Communist guerrillas in the South might show important results. This would necessitate more U.S. raids over the 17th parallel, launched 1) at will and not merely in retaliation; 2) at major targets, though perhaps still short of Hanoi. Such attacks would make sense only if coupled with hard, tough fighting against the Viet Cong. This might demand something close to the 10-1 troop ratio with which Britain beat the Reds in Malaya, hence additional U.S. ground forces in South Viet Nam. Judging by available intelligence, China is unlikely to join battle if U.S. troops enter South Viet Nam in force, though the North Vietnamese well-trained, 225,000-man army might. U.S. air and naval power could interdict the entry routes effectively enough to bloody the North Vietnamese army's nose, and the threat of bombing Hanoi—and the country's

hard-won industrial complex along with it—might possibly keep the North Vietnamese out.

- **ATTACKING NORTH VIET NAM** by bombing all major targets, including Hanoi, plus possibly sending in U.S. ground forces, would probably bring in the Chinese, if only for face reasons, and would probably also draw at least greatly stepped-up help from Soviet Russia. Nevertheless, some U.S. military men feel that the U.S. would be in a far better position than it was in Korea to fight successfully in North Viet Nam, and they favor such a course as the only one that would hurt the Communists badly enough to make them accept an international deal the U.S. could tolerate.

- **BOMBING CHINA** and its fledgling nuclear-production centers sounds tempting to some but is not now advocated by serious policymakers or experts. Whatever may be said in favor of "getting the war with China over now," before Peking achieves an effective nuclear-retaliatory force, such preven-

taust, which would level American cities. China after all stands to lose much more from a war than the U.S. So long as the U.S. creates the impression that it will do anything in Southeast Asia short of facing the real enemy—either militarily or diplomatically—China can simply sit back and wait.

For 15 years the principal U.S. stand toward China has been not to recognize its Red regime. While there is no reason to change that stand at present, nonrecognition is no substitute for a policy. Since Korea, the U.S. in fact has developed not a China policy but a China mythology. One side of the myth holds that China is remorseless, implacable, omnipresent and possessed of warriors who love nothing better than to die in "human sea" attacks. The other side holds that, like Russia and the satellites with whom the West has learned to live, Chinese Communists will in time grow softer, more reasonable. They may, although European Communism, superimposed



PEKING DEMONSTRATORS PROTESTING U.S. RAIDS ON NORTH VIET NAM  
*An abundance of lives, an absence of chrysanthemums.*

tive war goes too heavily against American morals. Besides, Russia probably could not tolerate such a move despite its differences with Peking, and total war could result.

**A Question of Patience.** Letting go—either with all its force or through withdrawal—is clearly not the answer to America's Asian dilemma. No one relishes the risks involved in the various options available to the U.S. But to maintain its position in Southeast Asia, and ultimately perhaps in all Asia, the U.S. may sooner or later have to take the risk of war with China—careful and calculated but still a risk. The U.S. held on to West Berlin and ejected Soviet missiles from Cuba only by a calculated risk of war with the Soviet Union. Short of an all-out nuclear holo-

on viable economies and workable political structures, is vastly different from the Asian variety. What is at stake in Asia is an undeveloped, politically shapeless region full of people who deserve better than the absence of chrysanthemums.

The West certainly cannot impose capitalism or democracy on Asia with the air of a crusader. But it can work toward building free economies and free societies, even if socialist concessions have to be made. Malaysia and Thailand represent viable, hopeful alternatives to Tibet and Burma. In the meantime, the U.S. must hang on—and then hang on some more—in Southeast Asia. The operative word is patience, and essentially, patience is an Asian word.



## SOUTH VIET NAM

### A Trial for Patience

Could anyone—in Saigon or in the U.S., in the rice fields or in the Pentagon—stand still another coup in South Viet Nam? Obviously, the answer was no. But last week the little country hovering between tragedy and farce produced two coups in one, and any number of others might happen next. Things had reached the point where talking about "strongmen" in South Viet Nam was ridiculous; no one was strong. As for that other favorite cliché, "the man of the hour," could anyone really last an hour any more?

The visible instigator of last week's

dered President Ngo Dinh Diem. Whatever the rebels' motives, had they succeeded, the Buddhists would have instantly taken to the streets. As it turned out, the rebels did not succeed—but who did was far from clear.

Thao's forces failed to catch Khanh, who had departed 30 minutes earlier in his Alouette helicopter for Cap St. Jacques. They also missed Air Force Commander Nguyen Cao Ky, as well as Ky's wife, who roared off seconds ahead of them in a sports car with her mother. Khanh ordered three battalions of loyal troops to move on the capital, while Ky dispatched a loudspeaker plane, which droned overhead, pleading, "Brother must not fight against

coups. Each of these upheavals could bring about the ultimate collapse and install a government committed to neutralism, and yet each could leave things just as they were before.

It is true that, as is widely maintained, the U.S. is desperately handicapped in Viet Nam unless Saigon establishes "political stability." But it is also true that stability in Saigon depends on what the U.S. does militarily about North Viet Nam. Said one veteran political observer about Saigon's new civilian government: "If the U.S. air strikes against the North continue, morale will remain fair for some time, and the government's chance for survival will increase. If, however, there is a lull and a reversion to the tedious slogging match between the government troops and the Viet Cong, then the Buddhists and their drive for neutralization will grow strong again."



GENERALS THIEU, THI & KY AT POST-COUP NEWS CONFERENCE

Can the man of the hour hope to last that long?

events was one Colonel Pham Ngoc Thao, a Catholic with a checkered political career—he fought with the Communist Viet Minh under Ho Chi Minh, then swung to the right, served briefly as a public-relations man for General Nguyen Khanh after Khanh seized power a year ago. One day last week, troops appeared in the streets of Saigon, and Colonel Thao popped out of a tank turret, explaining: "This operation is to expel Nguyen Khanh from the government." With Thao was Catholic ex-General Lam Van Phat, who led an abortive September "coupette" and had been on the lam ever since.

The real mover behind it all, declared Thao, was General Tran Thien Khiem, South Viet Nam's ambassador in Washington. But the timing of the revolt evidently came as a surprise to the ambassador, who was sound asleep in his Maryland home at the time. Hurriedly, Khiem cabled Thao pledging "total support." He should have stayed in bed.

**Missed Mother.** The aim of the largely Catholic, largely right-wing rebels was to halt what they considered a drift toward neutralism in South Viet Nam, and they even extolled deposed, mur-

dered President Ngo Dinh Diem. Whatever the rebels' motives, had they succeeded, the Buddhists would have instantly taken to the streets. As it turned out, the rebels did not succeed—but who did was far from clear.

Whereupon those who saved Khanh—including Airman Ky—turned on him themselves. The Armed Forces Council reportedly voted a no-confidence motion against Khanh. General Nguyen Khanh Thi, commander of the northernmost I Corps, was proclaimed chief of the capital's "liberation forces." For the moment, the winners seemed to be Thi, Ky and IV Corps Commander General Nguyen Van Thieu.

**Medicine Cabinet.** The temporary victors announced that they would retain as civilian Premier Dr. Phan Huy Quat, a mild-mannered physician who had just formed a fairly broad-based civilian government that included four other doctors and hence earned the nickname of Medicine Cabinet. Moscow's Tass sneered: "The farce will go on," ridiculed U.S. "military gambles" and Saigon's "bankrupt politicians and warriors." It was easy to laugh or to despair at the situation in Saigon. Actually, a certain amount of routine administration—and routine fighting against the Reds—continues throughout all

## WEST GERMANY

### The Sincere Chancellor

At home Chancellor Ludwig Erhard was under heavy attack from the Socialist opposition as a bungler who had failed his first serious foreign political test. Abroad, Erhard was being vilified by Israel and Egypt as a spineless weakling and a conniving betrayer. Erhard could well have answered, "*Meinen Sie mich [Who, me?]*"

**Grieved Posture.** The root cause of the uproar was basically none of Erhard's doing. When he took office in 1963, Erhard inherited a secret arms deal negotiated three years earlier between Israel's Premier David Ben-Gurion and Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. The deal was Washington's idea, but Adenauer liked it because he wanted Germany to atone further for the Nazi atrocities against the Jews (TIME, Feb. 19). Erhard, or his Foreign Minister, Gerhard Schröder, should have known that the Arabs were bound to find out about it sooner or later.

When Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser learned of the deal, he retaliated by inviting East Germany's Red Boss Walter Ulbricht to Cairo for a six-day visit. In West German eyes, such a visit comes perilously close to full recognition of the East German regime by Egypt—and under the Hallstein Doctrine, Bonn will have nothing to do with any nation extending such recognition.

Erhard first tried to persuade Nasser through a Spanish intermediary to call off the visit, offering in return to suspend further arms aid to Israel. While Israel denounced Bonn for giving in to Egyptian blackmail, Nasser refused to uninvite Ulbricht, and won the enthusiastic backing of most other Arab states for his stand.

Last week Erhard stopped trying to buy off Nasser and started to threaten him, suggesting that Bonn would halt all economic assistance to Egypt. This attempt was equally futile. Nasser ungratefully sneered that all West Ger-



many had given Egypt had come in the form of commercial loans at 6% interest, thereby benefiting Bonn more than Egypt (actually, West German loans to Cairo have been as low as 3%).

In an interview with a German TV crew, Nasser appeared in the posture of a man grievously betrayed. Melodramatically he proclaimed that the arms given Israel were helping a government that had already killed more Arabs than the Nazis had killed Jews—which of course was arrant nonsense. Nasser himself in his involvement in the Yemen civil war has probably killed as many Arabs as anyone else in this century. He added, "We do not intend to recognize East Germany—not yet."

**Wrung Statement.** The Israelis, as Bonn saw it, were being equally ungrateful. Instead of trying to understand West Germany's difficult position and accepting the remainder of the arms aid in cash rather than hardware, as Erhard proposed, Premier Levi Eshkol spoke of Germany's "primary duty" to Israel and of her account with Jewry, which is "written in blood." In an attempt to interfere in other nations' foreign policy, Jewish business interests in the U.S. threatened a boycott of West German goods.

Bonn was further hurt that the U.S. had been, in its opinion, slow to acknowledge that the arms deal was born in Washington. Said a Bonn spokesman: "A statement on its part in this whole affair was only gradually wrung out of the American Government." Feeling ill-treated on all sides, and with some reason, Erhard told the Bundestag of his heartbreak at world reaction when "we thought we had grounds for hope that one would recognize our sincere attitude in our actions." Mused an associate: "I have never heard the Chancellor use the word 'sincere' so often as in the past few weeks."

## UNITED NATIONS

### Back into Limbo

After 80 days of doing nothing, the 19th Assembly of the U.N. last week adjourned until September—but it could not even go into limbo without difficulty. The most unmanfully brouhaha since Nikita Khrushchev's shoe-banging act in 1960 was provided by Albanian Ambassador Halim Budo, 51, a diplomat seldom seen or heard in U.N. affairs since his country switched Red lines from Moscow to Peking five years ago.

Actually, Budo seemed to have a perfectly reasonable request: he just wanted the Assembly to vote. Most of the Assembly's energies, of course, have been bent on avoiding just that. In the longstanding payments dispute, the U.S. was ready to challenge the Russians' right to cast an Assembly vote because they are in arrears on peace-keeping assessments: the Russians kept insisting that the assessments were illegal. Hence any vote might bring a U.S.-Russian showdown that could end with the Rus-

sians walking out or the U.S. withdrawing all financial support—wrecking the U.N. Presumably, Red China would like that just fine. So when Assembly President Alex Quaison-Sackey proposed that the Assembly adjourn "by consensus," without taking a formal vote—which is the way the Assembly has disposed of what little business it has transacted in this session—Peking's Albanian pal intervened.

**Point of Order.** Blasting both Russia and the U.S. for "domination" of the U.N., Budo formally moved that the General Assembly take a roll-call vote on whether to "embark upon its normal work." Dumfounded, Quaison-Sackey said that surely the Albanian Amba-

there was no one to force Budo to step down. Finally, amid laughter and catcalls, Saudi Arabia's Jamil Baroudy went to the podium, took Budo by the arm and led him back to his seat.

**Absurd Condition.** The farce was not yet over. Everyone was so frightened of a possible vote that the Afro-Asian bloc prepared to walk out en masse if need be to prevent balloting. When Quaison-Sackey recognized U.S. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, Budo first tried to prevent Stevenson from speaking at all, then kept heckling him.

Rather than force a showdown, Stevenson announced that the U.S. would relent, this once, and not challenge Russia's right to vote. The U.S. rationaliza-



ALBANIA'S BUDO HARANGUING QAISON-SACKEY (SECOND FROM RIGHT).

*Can the fantasy possibly end by fall?*

sador would "not insist" on a vote in the face of the existing no-vote arrangement. Angriily waving a pencil, Budo insisted that he would indeed insist, despite the clamor in the hall that his motion was "inconceivable." Quaison-Sackey was going down for the third time in the U.N. Rules of Procedure when Swedish Delegate Sverker Aström rose to point out that the president could call a recess at his discretion. A grateful Quaison-Sackey promptly did just that, putting off action on Budo's motion for two days.

But two days later, Quaison-Sackey had hardly gavelled the Assembly to order when Budo was on his feet shouting "Point of order!" Snapped Quaison-Sackey: "The representative of Albania cannot have the floor. I want to speak first." Budo ignored the president and, waving his arms and jabbering in French, climbed up to the lectern below the president to face the Assembly. When Budo started speaking, despite Quaison-Sackey's shocked admonitions, the president heightened the fantasy of the whole scene by cutting off Budo's microphone from a control switch on the rostrum. But since the U.N. has no sergeant at arms to deal with boorish diplomats,

tion: the Albanian motion was procedural rather than substantive U.N. business. With that, the Assembly voted 97 to 2 against Budo and adjourned, hoping that the payments dispute might be settled during the spring and summer by a special committee to be appointed by Quaison-Sackey. The Assembly seemed clearly pleased at having averted a crisis, but in fact it had only demonstrated the absurd and sadly precarious condition of the U.N. today.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### The Best Club

During recent late-night debates in the House of Commons, some Tory M.P.s were "half-drunk" and "disgusting to look at." As a result, "they not only hindered debate but threatened the whole purpose of having a Parliament."

These fighting words were uttered at an informal Labor Party get-together in Yorkshire by Socialist M.P. Patrick Duffy, 44, a former lecturer in economics at Leeds University. Later, he continued his lecture in the press, discussing Parliament's several hours, which are exempt from the strict (11 p.m.) closing hours of commercial pubs. Offending

M.P.s. Duffy insisted without naming names, "look upon Parliament as a club with unrivaled bar facilities. I want the whole question of their conduct brought out into the open. The last censure debate was reduced to a farce by Opposition Members' coming in straight from the bar and creating virtual chaos."

The outraged Tories rose in Parliament to defend not only their bar facilities but their honor, accusing Duffy of committing a "breach of privilege"—an act of disrespect to Parliament itself. Laborites and Tories joined in passing Duffy's indiscretion to Parliament's Committee of Privileges, no doubt mindful of George Bernard Shaw, who observed 50 years ago in *Major Barbara* that it is, after all, whiskey that "enables Parliament to do things at 11 at night that no sane person would do at 11 in the morning."

## Shadows Reshuffled

One of the essential features of the British parliamentary system is the shadow Cabinet. Seated on the Opposition front bench in Commons, each of its members is assigned to shadow a minister in the regular Cabinet, catch him up wherever possible, and be prepared to take over if the Opposition party comes to power.

Opposition Leader Sir Alec Douglas-Home last week reshuffled the shadows, and thereby accomplished two things: 1) a general face lift to prepare the party for new elections, which Sir Alec thinks likely before the end of the year, and 2) consolidation of his own grip as party chief by balancing off Reginald Maundling and Ted Heath, the most promising younger Tory leaders.

**Broadened Horizon.** The shuffle of the "Conservative Consultative Committee," as the Tory shadow Cabinet is formally called, was occasioned by the resignation from Commons of Rab Butler, 62, who ends his long, brilliant, but in the end frustrated political career by moving to the House of Lords. In for Butler as shadow Foreign Secretary went Reggie Maundling, who needs to broaden his basically economic background if he is ever to become Prime Minister. Maundling also retained his post as Home's stand-in at the powerful party leaders' committee, which makes him the closest thing to deputy leader known in the Tory Party. Maundling's former job as shadow Chancellor of the Exchequer went to Ted Heath, who also continues as shadow Economics Minister—making him the Tories' undisputed economic czar. This, while Maundling stands higher in the party hierarchy, Heath is in position to shine in the Commons on the most important domestic political occasions.

Another comer on the Tory front bench is Christopher Soames, Winston Churchill's son-in-law, who moved up from Agriculture to replace troublesome Peter Thorneycroft as shadow Defense Minister. Thorneycroft, whose wildly expensive projects for military

aircraft had proved embarrassing to Sir Alec, was reassigned to shadow the Home Office, where he will have less chance to get into mischief. The irascible and erratic Quentin Hogg, who had contested Sir Alec's nomination as Prime Minister in 1963, was another casualty: he was replaced as shadow Minister of Education and Science, henceforth assigned only to undefined special duties.

**Delayed Glory.** Something of a disappointment also awaited brilliant but unreliable Iain Macleod, still a hero of the Tory youth organizations and leader of a dedicated group of backbenchers in the Commons. Home decided to leave Macleod in the second-



TORY MAUNDLING  
Reggie rises, Ted shines.

ary role as chief Tory strategist against Labor's proposed nationalization of the steel industry. Since the Laborites are not expected to press for nationalization soon—with their three-vote margin they can scarcely expect to carry the measure—Macleod is not likely for some time to have a chance for combat or glory.

## EAST AFRICA

### Anti-American Week

The three East African states of Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania have one thing in common: they are all giving aid and comfort to the Communist-inspired rebel armies of Christophe Ghebny in the neighboring Congo. Since the U.S. backs the legitimate Congo government of Moise Tshombe, who is a *hôte noir* in the eyes of the black nationalists, East Africa was once again celebrating anti-American week.

In UGANDA, Prime Minister Milton Obote claimed that some of Tshombe's U.S.-made airplanes had bombed two Ugandan border villages last week, and charged that the craft were piloted by U.S. citizens or Cuban rebels (Ghebny's Congolese rebels are always "nationalists," but anti-Castro Cuban exiles are

"rebels"). Obote was using anti-Americanism in hopes of pulling his own country's warring factions together, and his government radio urged employers to give everyone a day off for protest riots. Sure enough, next day a holiday crowd brought in by trucks from the provinces surged around the U.S. embassy in Kampala. The mob brandished signs proclaiming to HELL WITH AMERICA—BLOODTHIRSTY GO HOME! While Cabinet ministers and parliamentarians beamingly watched from the plinth of the Obote Freedom Arch, two rioters scaled the embassy's roof and tore down the American flag.

In KENYA, 300 scarlet-gowned students from the largely American-financed Nairobi University marched on the U.S. embassy with even more inventive examples of postmodernism, such as ISHOMBE, THOU ART A DOWNRIGHT RASCAL, BEST YANKEE IS A DEAD YANKEE, GO HOME TO BLOODY AMERICA, PEACE CORPS SPIES, AMERICA UNDER JOHNSON IS WORSE THAN GERMANY UNDER HITLER, and a tantalizingly obscure number that simply asserted CIVILIZATION IS RETALIATION.

In TANZANIA, President Julius Nyerere, just before taking off for a state visit to Peking, got into the spirit by recalling the Tanzanian Ambassador to the U.S. Reason: the U.S. had asked for the recall of a Tanzanian attaché from Washington in retaliation for the expulsion of two U.S. diplomats by Tanzania on patently ridiculous charges (TIME, Feb. 5). "We are a small country, but we are as much sovereign as the U.S.," explained Nyerere in martyred tones. "We do not bully and we do not like being bullied."

Amid all this ritualistic anti-Americanism came a surprising grace note. Meeting in the Mauritanian capital of Nouakchott, 13 former French colonies formed the *Commune Africaine et Malgache* and roundly condemned interference by anybody—notably including other Africans—in the internal affairs of other African states. Let there be any doubt what they meant, they "solemnly affirmed the urgent necessity to bring peace to Congo-Leopoldville and to its legal government." It was the first kind African word for Moise Tshombe in a long time.

## GAMBIA

### Newest, Smallest

Gambia—not to be confused with Gabon or Zambia—last week became Africa's 37th country to gain its independence.

In ceremonies at the capital at Bathurst, the British formally turned over sovereignty to the continent's smallest nation, a wriggle of land 200 miles long and 15 to 30 miles wide situated on both sides of the lower Gambia River. Except for its coast, it is entirely surrounded by the former French colony of Senegal, and one British governor-general called Gambia "a geograph-

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ic and economic absurdity." The British, who arrived in Gambia in the 16th century, repeatedly tried to trade it off to France in exchange for better land. It has no railway, no airline, not even an army. It has only one hotel, one airport, one fire engine—and only one cash crop, which is peanuts.

Enterprising traders do a brisk business smuggling cigarettes into neighboring West African countries through Gambia. The country imports enough cigarettes to supply 3½ packs a day to each of its 316,000 men, women and children, but sporadic attempts to diversify the economy have ended in disaster. A mining scheme failed (no minerals); an ambitious shark fishery collapsed (no demand). The British government put \$2,000,000 into a model poultry farm outside Bathurst, but disease and bad feed killed off the chickens, and after production of 40,000 eggs—at \$50 an egg—the farm was transformed into a teacher's college.

Despite its handicaps, Gambia's future is not unduly bleak. Premier David Karaba Jawara, 41, a British-educated veterinarian ("There's not a cow in Gambia that doesn't know me personally") who turned to politics five years ago, is a no-nonsense democrat and competent administrator. He has already signed agreements with Senegal for mutual defense, economic cooperation and sharing of diplomatic missions. Solidly pro-British, he has also talked London into underwriting his tiny economy to the tune of \$10 million over the next three years—and the U.S. has given \$125,000 for agricultural and harbor development.

With a total tax revenue of less than \$2,000,000 a year, Jawara has vetoed the usual symbols of African pretension and power. Parliament meets in

the auditorium of the old colonial country club, and Jawara lives in a modest three-bedroom frame house, drives his own small Hillman Minx, and draws a salary of \$7,400.

## SYRIA

### The Man from S.K.U.N.K.

In his headlong and disastrous plunge into socialism, Syria's Strongman Amin Hafez has resorted increasingly to that reliable diversion, the alleged U.S.-backed plot. Over the past month, 13 Syrians have been condemned to die on charges of collusion with the U.S. Last week Hafez presented another thriller that might not have impressed *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* but went over big in Syria.

Cast as the native villain was Farhan Attassi, 36, a Syrian-born but naturalized U.S. citizen with an American wife and until lately a local salesman of American TV films. The brain was said to be Walter Snowdon, second secretary of the U.S. embassy in Damascus. Hauled before a military court—the proceedings were televised to the accompaniment of John Philip Sousa marches—Attassi testified that "Snowdon kept talking about how bad Communism was and wondered if I would help him do something." One night the Snowdons invited the Attassis to dinner. Said Attassi: "As our wives were taking the dishes out to the kitchen, he gave some pretty big hints that he needed information on a new rocket received from Russia for the Syrian navy."

Attassi allegedly enlisted his second cousin, a petty officer at a Syrian naval base, and an army major who was actually to steal the data. Attassi said he received approximately \$7,500, but the major tattled to his superiors, who fed him phony data to trap the U.S. spy.

Snowdon, 46, who had served in Syria for three years, was promptly expelled. In the context of the Middle East power balance, the U.S. might well be interested in the weaponry of Syria's bathtub fleet. But Attassi hardly bolstered the Syrian government's case when he blurted out in court: "I was placed under torture by electricity as soon as I was arrested." Asked for comment on Hafez' espionage drama, U.S. Ambassador Ridgway B. Knight declared: "I don't intend to get into a spitting match with a skunk"—surely one of the most pungent if least diplomatic remarks ever made by a diplomat.

## TURKEY

### Who Is Indispensable?

After the fall of Ismet İnönü's government, Turkey had a new Premier-designate last week, and on American tongues, at least, his name sounded like a gurgle. He was Suat Hayri Urguplu, 62, the son of a mufti, an ex-Cabinet minister, former Ambassador to the U.S. (1957-60), and an independent Senator



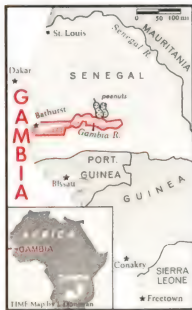
PREMIER-DESIGNATE URGUPLU  
While the old fox waits.

without party affiliation. Chances are that Urguplu was picked by President Cemal Gürel only as a temporary Premier while a political battle is fought out between the two real antagonists on the Turkish political scene—the Republican Party's İnönü and the Justice Party's Süleyman Demirel, who brought İnönü down with an opposition attack in Parliament.

In the new Cabinet, Demirel, 41, a Western-minded economist, is Deputy Premier, and his resurgent party holds ten of 22 Cabinet posts. As the political heir of the late irresponsible but popular Strongman Adnan Menderes, the Justice Party is still distrusted by the real power in Turkey, the army. Demirel wants to show that he can regain the army's confidence and that the army-backed İnönü is not indispensable.

Perhaps not. İnönü may well be nearing the end of his political career. But the suspicion grew last week that İnönü had deliberately allowed himself to be forced out. With elections coming up later this year, Octogenarian İnönü has been heavily criticized for being too soft on Cyprus, too slow in pushing national economic development. By handing his problems over to others for a few months, the old fox could hope that the new government would make a mess of things, allowing him to pick up the pieces.

Like almost everyone else these days, İnönü was trying to make domestic political capital by playing the anti-American game. Ever since the U.S. refused to back Turkey all the way against Greece over the embittered Cyprus issue, Ismet İnönü has demonstrated his independence from the U.S. by flirting with Russia. Of late, İnönü-inspired newspapers have been campaigning hard to tag the U.S.-educated Demirel as a Washington stooge, obviously hoping to damage him in the forthcoming elections.







PANELISTS KHAN, JESSUP, WARREN, QUINTANILLA & TAKAYANAGI

## THE REQUIREMENTS OF PEACE

In a time of swords, men dream of plowshares. For much of mankind the dream has seldom been as fervent—or as elusive—as it is today. History's greatest tyranny enslaves half the globe: science and technology offer not only the promise of poverty and hunger conquered but also the threat of civilization destroyed. Each day, from Selma to Saigon, brings evidence that man exists in a climate of risk. Last week the United Nations, which had earlier designated 1965 as International Cooperation Year, reached a stalemate and adjourned for six months.

These overtones of violence and disorder gave all the more meaning to a unique, three-day meeting last week at the New York Hilton Hotel. There, under the auspices of Educator Robert Hutchins' Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, scores of statesmen, diplomats, theologians and philosophers met to discuss the means and methods of bringing peace to the world. The participants included Protestants, Buddhists, agnostics and atheists:

"Time presses," declared Robert Hutchins in his opening address. "It is time to open a new conversation about the requirements of peace, on a level somewhere between apathy and panic—and this side of the irrelevance of propaganda."

The conversation took place three times a day, and it involved an exotic mixture of personalities. On the dais waiting to deliver their addresses, Protestant Theologian Paul Tillich sat with that outsider of neutralism, Nobel-prize-winning Chemist Linus Pauling. At another panel, Kremlinologist George Kennan, onetime Ambassador to Russia and Yugoslavia, clashed with Dr. Adam Schaff, the leading Marxist theoretician of Poland.

In the audience of more than 1,500, television's Steve Allen was wedged one afternoon between two intent nuns; U.S. Communist Boss Gus Hall amiably discussed the significance of a speech with his neighbor, a Catholic priest. The meeting also proved a magnet for pacifists and peace marchers; sprinkled heavily throughout the listening throng, they cheered at every hint of banning the bomb.

The broad generality of the topics

but the framework for their thinking was the vision of world order contained in Pope John XXIII's encyclical *Pacem in Terris* (Peace on Earth).

The relevance of that vision was summed up by Vice President Hubert Humphrey at the opening session. "John XXIII presented to the world a public philosophy for a nuclear era," said Humphrey. "It represents not a utopian blueprint for world peace, presupposing a sudden change in the nature of man. Rather, it represents a call to leaders of nations, presupposing only a gradual change in human institutions. It is not confined to elaborating the abstract virtues of peace, but looks to the building of a world community governed by institutions capable of preserving peace. We honor Pope John XXIII on this occasion not because he demonstrated that perfect peace can be achieved in a short time. We honor him because he raised our hopes and exalted our vision. It is the duty of our generation to convert this vision of peace into reality."

discussed inevitably produced more cross talk than consensus on the panels. Just as inevitably, many of the grand remedies for world ills brought out in the discussions were familiar nostrums that had been heard too often before—George Kennan, for example, attempted to revive Poland's old Rapacki Plan to denuclearize Central Europe, while ever-hopeful Harold Stassen proposed an arms-free zone on each side of the Bering Strait. Nonetheless, the convocation served the useful purpose of providing an intellectual workshop for a far- and free-ranging discussion of some central ideas and issues that must be faced before any form of peace on earth is won.

### LAW

"*Pacem in Terris* reflects the view that men will never live in peace until they have the opportunity to obtain justice under law," declared U.S. Chief Justice Earl Warren. There were no dissenters. Obliquely and directly, a wide variety of panel speakers agreed that the basis of any orderly world community is the rule of law—law viewed not negatively as a social defense against evil but as a positive force for

social order. Philip Jessup of the International Court of Justice argued that law today is not only a series of prohibitions but "the mechanism by which society has created devices for people to work together for common ends." Internationally, this kind of positive law includes the great treaties as well as lesser but equally essential agreements that nations have created in order to solve such housekeeping issues as mail delivery and preventing the spread of infectious disease.

### SOVEREIGNTY

The development of international law, Warren noted, lags behind the perfection of domestic law. The major reason is a lack of consensus on the meaning and scope of sovereignty. Sir Muhammad Zafrulla Khan of Pakistan, an International Court justice, and Mexico's Luis Quintanilla, onetime Minister to the U.S., both agreed that traditional concepts of jealously guarded sovereignty should give way to greater acceptance of reduced national autonomy and greater acceptance of international obligations. Said Quintanilla: "Anything happening in any corner of the earth affects sooner or later the entire in-



ternational society in which our nations grow. Human solidarity, until recently a vague moral inspiration, has become actual interdependence."

An even sharper attack on old-fashioned nationalism came from Political Theorist Hans Morgenthau, who pointed out "the discrepancy between our cerebral modes of thought and action and the unprecedented novelty of the circumstances in which we now live. The present age has made the idea of the nation-state as obsolete as feudalism was made obsolete 200 years ago by the invention of the steam engine. We must face the atomic age with a transformation of the whole way our government thinks and acts." In rejoinder, Protestant Theologian Paul Ramsey of Princeton warned that immediate abandonment of the nation concept was hardly practical, and certainly not in accord with the ideas of *Pacem in Terris*.

#### COEXISTENCE

Another barrier to East-West concord is a fundamental philosophical disagreement about the meaning of peaceful coexistence. Poland's Schaff, the most articulate of the five Communists who spoke at the convocation, described the term grandly as a "noble competition for the minds and brains of the people" between rival ideologies. Both Kennan and Belgium's Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak answered that it is hard for the West to consider the competition "noble" so long as the Reds deny personal liberty and depend on rule by coercion.

Historian Arnold Toynbee defended "missionary work" in the ideological struggle but insisted that man should have freedom to listen and choose; thus the right to propagandize fell well short of enforcement by military might. Arkansas Democrat J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, agreed that an ideology is "a source of strength and creative action" for men and nations, but found a measure of hope in the fact that within recent years Russia and the U.S. have shown a tendency to "cut their ideologies down to size." If this spirit continues, he said, both powers may become "more interested in solving problems than in proving theories."

Caught in the ideological struggle between East and West—and deploring it most loudly of all—have been the neutral nations of Africa and Asia. In a sharply worded formal statement for the convocation's record, ex-President Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia chided many of these hand-wringing bystanders for making a contribution to peace that adds up to zero. Said he: "Too often we apply a very high standard of performance to those powers that have done most to comply with their national and international obligations, even as we acquiesce in the fact that a huge part of the world is governed without any respect for the rights of human beings or nations. This hypo-

## THE LASTING VISION OF POPE JOHN

THE document that inspired the convocation is one of the great encyclicals of the century. Unusually long for a papal pronouncement—more than 15,000 words—*Pacem in Terris* was issued by John XXIII on April 11, 1963, less than two months before his death. It was the last of his eight encyclicals, the first in history addressed not only to the bishops and laity of the Roman Catholic Church but to "all men of good will."

What the Pope said to the world is not in itself radical or revolutionary; many of the ideas put forward by John had been articulated by his predecessor Pius XII. What gave these ideas freshness and new life is the warm, open Johannine spirit—the willingness to reach beyond the frontiers of Catholic doctrine and bring the church into dialogue with the modern world. Perhaps more important, they were ideas whose time had come round at last. The encyclical appeared in a season of relaxing world tensions and at the moment in history when the Christian churches had entered an era of good will—the ecumenical century.

**Rights & Duties.** *Pacem in Terris* methodically progressed from a discussion of the rights and duties of individual men to the relations of state with state. These relations, argued the Pope, must be based on truth, justice, love and, above all, freedom. Specifically, he condemned racial discrimination, strongly affirmed the right of religious liberty, and passionately deplored the arms race.

Pope John addressed atheists as well as believers; yet *Pacem in Terris* is an unmistakably theistic work. This is hardly surprising in a papal pronouncement, but it clearly sets the encyclical apart from such purely secular documents as the United Nations' *Universal Declaration of Human Rights*. Time and again, Pope John argues that the rights of men and governments stem not solely from human consent but from the design of the Creator.

How is God's design to be known? In answer, Pope John turned to a cherished concept of Catholic philosophy: natural law—man's instinctive but God-given knowledge of right and wrong. It is the law of nature, he argued, that man has the right to life, education, private property and has the duty to cooperate with others in building an orderly world. Today, said the Pope, the moral order demanded by natural law also re-

quires a supranational public authority—a world government.

**Concise & Limpid.** Natural law dictates the relationship between men and nations. But these relationships must be ratified and established by human law, and Pope John applauded that fundamental of Western democracy: government by constitution. Rejecting government by coercion, the Pope endorsed the explicit definition of the rights and duties of governments and citizens in every nation's basic law, including a charter of fundamental human rights written "in concise and limpid phraseology."

When *Pacem in Terris* was published, the immediate response was an astonishingly broad chorus of praise. Grateful for John's favorable comments on the U.N., Secretary-General U Thant hailed the Pope's "wisdom, vision and courage." Abandoning its traditional policy of nonresponse to papal words, the U.S. State Department heralded *Pacem in Terris*'s emphasis on human liberty. Equally delighted by the encyclical's denunciation of colonialism, Europe's Communist press crowded so loudly about John's "opening to the left" that the Vatican was forced to re-emphasize the church's unaltered rejection of Communism.

But there were critics. Social Philosopher Will Herberg noted that the Pope's sketch of 20th century trends inexplicably ignored the spread of totalitarianism. And a number of Christian thinkers have noted that in dealing with the crucial issue of disarmament and world peace, Pope John said little more than "ban the bomb." An American Jesuit describes John's vague generalities on coexistence as "a lump of suet in a pudding."

Nonetheless, as the convocation made clear, *Pacem in Terris* remains—in the words of Robert Hutchins—"one of the most profound and significant documents of our age." What it offers to men facing contemporary risks and realities, said Economist Barbara Ward, is "a glimpse of how the world might look under the governance of love."





PAULING, HUTCHINS & TILlich



TOYNBEE & FULBRIGHT

### A world in quest of ways to work together.

critical tendency of some of the non-nuclear countries has done a great deal of damage to the cause of peace. Countries which speak of nonalignment in this fight between the two great powers give up the quest for the triumph of human rights and jeopardize the right of nations to be free."

#### INSTITUTIONS

To keep ideological struggle within nonwarlike bounds, a number of panelists suggested that the world needs considerably more than its present, inadequate peace-keeping machinery. Zafulla Khan accused both East and West of neglecting the possibilities of new instruments and institutions for promoting and enforcing world law. "There has been a tendency to attach disproportionate value to the method of direct negotiations," he said, adding that other peace-keeping methods proposed by the U.N. Charter—such as arbitration and judicial determination—"have not been used often enough in major disputes."

Talk of new peace-keeping machinery led several participants—including Secretary-General U Thant—to propose a thorough reform of the U.N. Abram Chayes, onetime legal adviser to the U.S. State Department, argued that the U.N. simply does not have the resources to handle the problems put to it; Britain's U.N. representative, Lord Caradon, grumbled that "nobody brings things to the U.N. until they're in such a hell of a mess that there is no advantage to anyone any more." To Mexico's Quintanilla, the U.N. is now only "a rather queer and timid scheme of what eventually could become a positive world government." Among his proposals for reform: expansion of the Security Council from eleven member states to 25 or more, a General Assembly membership proportional to population, police powers for the International Court to enforce its judgments. A more universal proposal for institutional change came from Kenzo Takayanagi, chairman of Japan's Constitutional Revision Commission. Every nation, he argued, should adopt a version

of the Japanese Constitution's Article 9, which abolishes war as a sovereign right and prohibits armed forces.

Much was left unsaid during the 20 hours that the convocation was in session. Apart from endorsing multilateral rather than bilateral programs of foreign aid, panelists failed to make clear how the billions of U.S. assistance dollars might be most hopefully channeled into making weak economies more productive. References to disarmament tended toward simplism, and did no more than echo the general pleas made in *Paxem in Terris*.

What emerged, finally, from the days

Despite the article, Japan has a 250,000-man Self-Defense Force, partly trained and equipped by the U.S., its partner-by-treaty in maintaining peace in the Far East.

of debate was a universal yearning for a stable world order, and a sense that the way to achieve it was through that durable yet ever-changing product of man's self-governing instinct, the rule of law. Nuclear Strategist Herman Kahn described it as "the way that the world is moving." But even universal rule of law, noted the World Court's Jessup, was only a step forward in man's march through history, and would not resolve every conflict between man and man. The world must be wary, he said, "of the old hawkers' cries, offering something that will cure

*The twitch, the pitch, the pain, and the gout*

*All pains within and all pains without*  
The rule of law is not a panacea, nor is it something already achieved."

## A LIMIT TO HOPE

"It is understandable," declared Protestant Theologian Paul Tillich, "that a conference like this meets widespread skepticism, perhaps by some in the conference itself." He challenged both the encyclical and the possibility of realizing its dream of world order.

Tillich pointed out that the ideas behind *Paxem in Terris*, being strictly Western and Judeo-Christian, are alien to religious traditions that do not consider the dignity of man as an ultimate value, and should not be forced onto the rest of the world willy-nilly. As for the sweeping condemnation of war, *Paxem in Terris*, said Tillich, did not consider the problem of resistance to violations of human dignity. "There are situations," he warned, "in which nothing short of war can defend or establish the dignity of the person."

Effective authority, Tillich said, needs power, and the conflict of authority with authority leads, inevitably, to the use of force. "But when is coercion a just expression of power, when an unjust one?" Old criteria—the medieval concept of the just war, for example—no longer serve in an age of possible atomic conflagration, and the many laws

that apply to men can only obliquely serve as guides to the proper conduct of nations.

These problems led Tillich to conclude that there is a definite limit to hope for peace on earth as prescribed by Pope John. Men must "distinguish between genuine hope and utopian expectations." Genuine hope is found in such factors as the atomic threat that has imposed on mankind a common destiny, the conquest of space that makes neighbors of distant nations, international cooperation in science and medicine.

Out of this limited cooperation may emerge what Tillich called "communal eros"—the love of men for other nations. But, he said, "there is no hope for a final stage of history in which peace and justice rule. History is not fulfilled at its empirical end; but history is fulfilled in the great moment in which something new is created, in which the Kingdom of God breaks into history conquering destructive structures of existence. This means that we cannot hope for a final stage of justice and peace within history; but we can hope for partial victories over the forces of evil in a particular moment of time."

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# THE HEMISPHERE

## ALIANZA

### The Peace Corps Approach

"*Mata al gringo! Mata al gringo!*" bawled the fight fans in the tiny Mexican town. It was 1941, and the skinny, 21-year-old American college boy calling himself "Chopper" Hood slugged away at his Mexican opponent. "After a little while," recalls the Chopper, "I realized that what they were yelling was 'Kill the Yankee!'" Thus, if somewhat inauspiciously, began Gringo Hood's longtime friendship with Latin America.

This week Jack Hood Vaughn, 44, current U.S. Ambassador to Panama, moves into the heavyweight class as Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs, succeeding Thomas C. Mann. As such, he will coordinate and direct all Alianza aid programs in Latin America, oversee the State Department's Latin American section, and generally act as President Johnson's top policymaker, adviser and troubleshooter for that area. The assignment promises to be quite a workout, but Vaughn seems in shape.

As a frail, carrot-topped youngster in Michigan, Vaughn took up boxing in self-defense, went on to win the state Golden Gloves title as a 124-lb. featherweight (and have his nose broken three times, his jaw once). Picking up his master's degree from the University of Michigan in 1947, he spent ten years in Bolivia, Costa Rica and Panama as a United States Information Service officer and as a coordinator of U.S. aid projects. In 1961 he went to Washington as director of the Peace Corps' sprawling Latin American operation. President Johnson soon tagged him as a comer, and last year, after the bloody Canal Zone riots, picked him as Ambassador to Panama.

There Vaughn pushed hard for farm-credit banks and rural roads to open up the interior. Like an oldtime circuit rider, he traveled around the country telling peasants, students and politicians that "Panama's main natural resource is not geographical—not the canal. It is the people and the land. And they must be developed."

Although Vaughn will not have Tom Mann's personal pipeline to the White House as a special assistant to Johnson, he is taking an aggressive and eager approach to his job. He may depend less on a massive infusion of dollars to solve Latin American problems. "Man does not live by G.N.P. alone," he says. "After looking at the results of our foreign aid program around the world and seeing how few attitudes have been changed and how little it has to do with better government, self-respect and social change, I feel there are several missing ingredients." Among the ingredients Vaughn wants to increase: Peace Corps-type activities, people-to-people aid.



VAUGHN

Workout for a heavyweight.

## CENTRAL AMERICA

### Unfortunate Throwback

Aided by the Alliance for Progress and a strong infusion of private investment, Central America's five nations are enjoying unprecedented economic prosperity (TIME, Jan. 1). Politically, El Salvador, Guatemala and Nicaragua seem headed toward more or less representative governments, and Costa Rica has become a model constitutional republic. But there is one unfortunate throwback to the old era of machine-gun politics when O. Henry described Central America as a collection of "little *opéra bouffe* nations that play at government and intrigue."

Honduras held elections last week for the first time in seven years, ostensibly to choose a constituent assembly to write a new constitution for the country. In reality it was to legalize the

strong-arm rule of Colonel Osvaldo López, 44, the ambitious air force officer who ousted President Ramón Villeda Morales in October 1963.

Shortly before the election, the Nationalist Party supporting López announced that if it won a majority of the 64 assembly seats, it would declare the colonel to be Honduras' constitutional President. To provide a semblance of opposition, López permitted the deposed Villeda Morales to return from exile in Costa Rica and run a full slate of Liberal Party candidates. That was largely window dressing. Opposition leaders complained that army troops went around arresting key Liberal organizers and lifting the identity cards of thousands of Liberal Party members.

On election day, the first returns showed such an embarrassingly heavy Nationalist landslide that the government stopped issuing hourly reports. When they were resumed, the race was much closer, with the Nationalists finally winning 35 seats to the Liberals' 29. The result coincided exactly with the predictions government officials gave foreign newsmen. Said one U.S. policymaker: "We did our best to push the colonel toward real elections."

## BRAZIL

### Too Many Wings

Plastered over the windows of an airline ticket office in downtown Rio were defiant posters: IT IS EASY TO DESTROY, BUT IT TAKES 35 YEARS TO BUILD! WE WILL NOT DIE! The protests were against one of the most severe economic reforms yet attempted by Brazil's revolutionary government. In a special decree, President Humberto Castello Branco ordered the country's big Panair do Brasil airline to cease operations immediately, grounded its planes, and turned over its domestic and international routes to other Brazilian lines.

It was a harsh but necessary decision. Among the many things bleeding Brazil is its airline industry. In the early days, the country needed airlines to open up the remote interior. The government awarded routes to anyone with a wing and a prayer, encouraged the lines to stay aloft with subsidies, artificially low fuel prices, and special exchange rates on planes and parts. By 1953, no fewer than 20 scheduled airlines crisscrossed Brazil with a spaghetti-like network of routes. There are still six domestic carriers, including three with international routes. On some routes, as many as five lines compete for the same passengers, with the result that just about everybody loses money. The subsidies, emergency loans and other bail-outs cost the Brazilian government uncounted millions each year. The worst drain was Panair, which has been losing an estimated



LÓPEZ

Window dressing for *opéra bouffe*.



\$1,000,000 a month, and has run up a debt of \$66.8 million.

**Fly Now, Pay Never.** Founded in 1929 by a group of New York investors and taken over the next year by the U.S.'s Pan American World Airways, Panair was once South America's proudest and biggest airline. It pioneered the first services to the Amazon basin, expanded throughout the country, carried Brazil's flag to London, Paris, Frankfurt and Rome. As the jet age began, Panair added DC-8s and Caravelles to its fleet of Constellations and Catalinas.

Then, in 1961, bowing to the intense nationalistic pressures stirred up by President Jânio Quadros, Pan American sold its 30% controlling interest to Brazilian investors. The new owners,

been torn apart by its competitors and creditors.

**Ten in Ten.** Under Castello Branco's order, Panair's domestic service will go to Cruzeiro do Sul and VASP, which fly to most of the same cities anyway. The real prize, Panair's routes to Europe and the Mideast, will go to Varig, which is already South America's biggest airline and by far its best. Founded in 1927, Varig has been run for the past 23 years by Ruben Berta, 57, a onetime Lufthansa accountant who has built it into an international operation with routes to South America's west coast and the U.S., a huge domestic system, and a fleet of 95 planes, including 15 jets and propjets.

No sooner was Panair grounded than Varig moved in to pick up the pieces, loaded passengers booked on a Panair DC-8 directly onto a Varig Convair 990 for a Lisbon-Paris-Frankfurt flight. Now Berta is talking about repainting two of Panair's DC-8s and assigning a new Varig Boeing 707 to the transatlantic service. It was a familiar routine for Berta & Co. Panair is the tenth Brazilian airline that Varig has swallowed in as many years.

## ARGENTINA

### Giving In to Inflation

There is only one thing worse than Argentina's usual kind of public service. And that is no public service at all. Yet to all intents and purposes, that has been the country's unhappy lot for the past three months.

The paralysis set in during November, when President Arturo Illia attempted to call a halt to inflation-nurturing pay raises for 900,000 public employees. The unions, which were demanding another round of 25% to 45% pay hikes, responded with an unending succession of strikes and slowdowns. At one point this month, 300,000 telephone, railroad, post-office, airport, merchant-fleet and port employees were on strike; even casino croupiers and street cleaners left their jobs.

Argentina's long-suffering citizens are getting fed up with it all. Last week a riot erupted at Buenos Aires' Ezeiza airport when ground crews refused to unload baggage—including the wheelchair of a 14-year-old paraplegic boy. In another part of town, an enraged 65-year-old pension applicant whipped out a pistol and killed a go-slow clerk when she foisted still another form on him and suggested that he return in a few days; it was the fifth time he had been put off, and each refusal meant a 70-mile round trip from his home in the countryside.

President Illia's solution to the mess was to give in. Last week, with an eye to the March congressional elections, he granted a 28% pay boost to telephone workers, another 25% raise to railwaymen—all of which should add another few percentage points to Argentina's disastrous inflation, already up 30% in the past year.

## CUBA

### Down with the Old Guard

In the past year, Cuba has been torn by a power struggle between its old-guard, Moscow-lining Communists and the younger Fidelistas, whose hearts are closer to Peking. The Moscow old guard is clearly getting the worst of it. Between May and December last year, Castro sacked four Cabinet ministers who were aligned with the Soviet-oriented wing of the party. Last week he bumped the most important old-timer yet: Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, 51, director of the National Institute of Agrarian Reform (INRA) and top go-between for Havana and Moscow.

**Into the Hills.** Urbane and well-educated, Rodríguez joined the party in 1930, while a law student at Havana University, soon proved himself one of its most practical politicians. In 1944, when the Communists were supporting Dictator Fulgencio Batista, Rodríguez even became a minister without portfolio in Batista's Cabinet for seven months. That pulchritude lasted until the mid-1950s, and when Castro started his revolution in the Sierra Maestra, Rodríguez hurried into the hills to become liaison man with the underground in the cities.

For four years after the victory, Rodríguez edited the party daily Hoy, always seemed to turn up close to Castro on the podium at important functions, outranked only by Little Brother Raúl, Che Guevara and Blas Roca. In 1962 Rodríguez took over from Fidel as agrarian-reform director and boss of the island's sugar industry—in effect Cuba's economic czar. As Cuba's economy continued to fall apart and Castro's relations with Moscow cooled, Rodríguez lost some of his power—over the fishing industry, water resources, and finally the whole sugar industry.

**Moscow & Out.** In December Castro sent Rodríguez to Moscow to negotiate a new trade pact with the Russians, who are obviously weary of pumping \$1 million-a-day worth of aid into Cuba with little effect. The mission was less than successful. Announced last week, the 1965 pact provides for \$640 million in two-way trade, a mere 4% increase over 1964 compared with last year's 22% increase. And to help square its overall debt, estimated at \$650 million, Cuba will be shipping 2,100,000 tons of sugar to the Soviets, nearly double the 1964 amount.

Almost simultaneously, Castro announced that he himself was taking over INRA, and that Rodríguez was "relieved of his duties." Rodríguez would remain in the Cabinet "in charge of directing the study of numerous problems of national economy." The Soviets could not miss the point. For his chief INRA assistant, Fidel passed over Rodríguez first vice minister and named instead a Fidelista, whose previous experience was as CO of Cuba's air force.



PANAIR EMPLOYEES AT PROTEST MEETING IN RIO  
Cutting down on spaghetti.

notably Mário Simonsen, a wheeler-dealer who made a fortune speculating in coffee, quickly put Panair into a financial nose dive. To win friends and influence politicians on other business deals, Simonsen started handing out so many free tickets that on overseas runs as many as 40% of Panair's passengers were flying now and paying never.

Last week one of the line's four Caravelles was held at the factory in France for nonpayment of repair bills. More than half of Panair's 25 planes were out of service, and those still flying were often days, not just hours behind schedule. Panair's 4,500 employees were far more than the company needed, but under Brazilian law it was next to impossible to fire them.

Weak as it was, Panair was still something of a national institution, and Castello Branco's sudden action brought shocked outcries. The governor of Amazonas State declared a state of emergency and flew to Rio to try and plead with Castello Branco. Panair's directors vowed to appeal the President's order to the Supreme Court, but it does not reconvene until March 9. By then the airline will probably have





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## PEOPLE

People have suspected for years that somewhere in that grand French personality there was a touch of fighting Irish blood. Now French and Irish genealogists can prove it. And who should it be that **Charles de Gaulle**, 74, hails back to but **Rudricus the Great**, who ruled Ireland with might and main for 70 years before he died in 219 B.C. His descendants took the name MacCartan, and in 1711, a MacCartan emigrated from the Auld Sod to France where he married convent-educated **Susanne Decoetlogon**, who bore him five children, one of whom turned out to be **De Gaulle's** great-great-grandfather on his mother's side.

It was the kind of award that can wreck a girl's image in the movies these days. So no wonder **Elke Sommer**, 24, said she was "very surprised" when the California Fashion Designers decided to name her the "best-dressed star of 1965." Elke recovered quickly enough to say graciously that she was also "very flattered and very thrilled. I like pretty clothes like every woman does." However, she continued thoughtfully, "I got all the publicity when I didn't wear them."

Up into New Mexico's Sandia Mountains went three forest rangers, a local lawyer, and Supreme Court Justice **William O. Douglas**, 66, there for a quick refresher course in outdoor living. At 10,000 ft., the view from the top was "splendid," but on the way down through Cibola National Forest, bitter cold, high winds and 15-ft. drifts from a sudden snowstorm turned the nightwalk into a nightmare. It took them nine hours instead of the usual five to negotiate six miles on snowshoes, edging their way down the steep switchback trails

sideways like crabs. "We all had spills," said a weary Douglas when the party reached safety. "You learn to walk that canyon with great respect." But just the same, "Mrs. Douglas and I are coming out in the summer."

"I guess it was 1961 or 1962," monotoned **Marlon Brando**, 40, "when all of a sudden I was awakened by the girl I was with. Then I saw Anna." Anna, of course, was Actress **Anna Kashfi**, 30, his recently divorced wife, and she had broken into his house. "She started pulling the girl's hair out," drawled Brando. "I let her do it. I thought it would be good for her to get it out of her sys-



ACTRESS KASHFI  
Cool nope.

tem." Now Brando wanted to get their son, **Christian**, 6, out of Anna's hands and was fighting her in a Los Angeles court for custody of the boy. Under cross-examination, Marlon readily admitted that both Anna and his second wife, Mexican Actress **Movita**, were pregnant when he married them, and that he also had a son by a Tahitian beauty whom he didn't marry. The judge decided that Marlon's methods were mere "shortcomings" compared to Anna's "reliance on drugs and alcohol," therefore awarded custody of the youngster to Brando. Cried Anna, dashing from the court in tears, "I bore this baby! Where the hell was Marlon Brando when the child was being reared?" Rhetorical question.

Moving down the list of notables at **Lord Jim's** London première, Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother fetched up for a smiling vis-à-vis with **Peter O'Toole**, 31, the film's talkative star. "I think I brought it up," mused O'Toole



O'TOOLE & QUEEN MOTHER  
Some dope.

later, "but we suddenly found ourselves talking about horse racing and the Grand National next month. I was hoping to get information. I didn't get any." The Queen Mother did, though, when O'Toole told her he'd once bet 10 quid on one of her horses, which didn't win. "Our horses hardly ever do, do they?" she laughed.

Whoever said the New York Yankees had hearts of flint? Infielder **Phil Linz**, 25, drew the wrath of management and a \$200 fine for tooling a few off-key bars on his harmonica after a particularly galling loss to the White Sox last August. Now the Yanks want to start the new season on a high note. Fixed to the \$13,000-plus contract Linz signed for 1965 was a \$200 check, with a warming little message from General Manager **Ralph Houk** that the dough is to be used for harmonica lessons. That wasn't all. Linz is negotiating a second contract with **Hohner Harmonicas** to plug mouth organs coast-to-coast, which he can do on any of 50 harmonicas given him on the banquet circuit this winter, including a 2-ft.-long job presented by the Maryland Professional Baseball Players Association "for his baseball and cultural achievements."

Ill lay: Hotelman **Conrad Hilton**, 77, in Santa Monica's St. John's Hospital with a respiratory infection; Heiress **Barbara Hutton**, 52, in San Francisco's Presbyterian Medical Center with an intestinal ailment; Belgium's King **Baudouin**, 34, in the royal palace in Brussels, suffering from infectious hepatitis; **Richard Cardinal Cushing**, 69, in Boston's St. Elizabeth's Hospital, following surgery for removal of a portion of his intestines; **David Oman McKay**, 91, President, Prophet and Seer of 2,000,000 Mormons, in Salt Lake City's Latter-day Saints' Hospital for the third time in eight months for treatment of a weak heart and congested lung; Actress **Patricia Neal**, 39, last year's Oscar winner as the housekeeper in *Hud*, in critical condition at Los Angeles' U.C.L.A. Medical Center after emergency surgery for massive brain hemorrhages.



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## IMPALA SUPER SPORT

that it comes with considerably more than the bare necessities.

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So you could hardly describe it as stripped down.

One last pleasant note we'd like to end on. It's about price.

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## THE LAW

### THE CONSTITUTION

#### The Art of Amending

Article 2 of the U.S. Constitution clearly states that "in the case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President." But what constitutes presidential disability? Who judges it? What would have happened had John Kennedy not been killed by an assassin's bullet but had lived on, seriously injured?

Vice Presidents have long hesitated to stand in for disabled Presidents. In 1881 the country was leaderless for the 80 days that Garfield lay dying. During Wilson's breakdown, 28 bills became law by default of any presidential action. Though a "committee" of Cabinet and White House staff members carried on after Eisenhower's heart attack, Vice President Nixon warned that it might have failed "had there been a serious international crisis requiring presidential decisions."

**Power & Principles.** Last week the Senate finally faced up to the problem and passed (72 to 0) a proposed constitutional amendment giving Vice Presidents full power until disabled Presidents recover.<sup>1</sup> Sponsored by Indiana Democrat Birch Bayh, the amendment provides that if a President fails to make known his inability, the Vice President could take over "with the written concurrence of a majority of the Cabinet or any other body specified by Congress." If a still unrecovered President tried to return, the Acting

President and the Cabinet would have seven days in which to ask Congress to "proceed to decide" the issue. To retain power, the Acting President would need a two-thirds vote by both houses of Congress.

When the Administration-backed proposal reaches the House it will face more of the same sort of opposition it survived in the Senate: the argument that the problem should be solved by statute rather than constitutional amendment. Critics note that statutes, unlike amendments that contain rules as specific as those in the Bayh proposal, are easily revised to meet changing needs. "The strength of the Constitution rests upon its broad statement of power and principles," says Minnesota's Democratic Senator Eugene J. McCarthy. "It is not weighed down with detailed procedural provisions."

Unfortunately, though, the Constitution does not clearly empower Congress to handle presidential disability by statute alone. Indeed, Bayh backers argue that such a statute might worsen the next disability crisis because it would be open to constitutional challenge. By contrast, an amendment becomes part of the Constitution, and Congress would have the right to pass later disability legislation if necessary.

**In at the Gate.** Even so, McCarthy & Co. have called welcome attention to the fact that amending the world's oldest written Constitution is no light matter. The framers limited the Constitution mainly to enduring principles and made amendments difficult. Under Article 5, proposed amendments can be launched in only two ways: by a two-thirds vote in both houses of Congress (the only method successfully used to date), or by application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the states for a convention called by Congress to pro-

pose amendments. In either case, ratification comes only after approval by legislatures or conventions in three-fourths of the states. Ever since 1791, when the first ten amendments (called the Bill of Rights) came in at the starting gate, this process has yielded only 14 more amendments.

During that time, an estimated 6,119 amendments have been proposed, some of them ludicrous. In 1893 one Congressman suggested renaming the U.S. "the United States of Earth"; in 1937 another proposed that war be declared by popular referendum. Current proposals range from abolishing income taxes to giving Congress authority to override any Supreme Court decision.

**National Debate.** The hardy perennial among proposed amendments calls for equal rights for men and women, a 450-time loser since 1926. The late Senator Estes Kefauver was author of 35 proposals, but the heavyweight champion is New York Democrat Emanuel Celler, at last count author of 49 amendments. By contrast, Senator Lyndon Johnson originated none at all.

Four amendments that passed Congress and went out to the states for ratification never did get ratified, including an 1809 proposal to bar Americans from accepting foreign titles of nobility. A fifth—giving Congress authority to regulate child labor—went to the states in 1924, is still ten states short of ratification. Starting with the 18th (Prohibition), most proposed amendments have carried a seven-year time limit for approval. This was no problem for the 21st Amendment; it swept through in less than ten months for the happy reason that it repealed the 18th. Fastest of all: the twelfth (separate electoral vote for President and Vice President), which in 1804 set the record of 187 days. Slowest: the 22nd (limiting Presidents to two terms) which took almost four years to get the nod in 1951. Newest of all: the 24th (barring poll taxes



BAYH



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MCCARTHY

in federal elections), ratified 13 months ago. The U.S. Constitution is so hedged against change, yet so open to new interpretation, that lawyers and scholars favor amending it only in extreme circumstances. Presidential disability may well be such a circumstance, but as Chief Justice Earl Warren cautions: "Any serious effort to amend the Constitution should provide the occasion for a great national debate."

## APPEALS

### Some of Your Best Friends Will Go to Court for You

The archaic Connecticut law that bans the prescription or even the use of contraceptives in that state is now being challenged in the Supreme Court (TIME, Dec. 18). The fact that the law is stoutly supported by Connecticut's

ing, is guilty of "profane interference" with just those feelings.

**Judicial Lobbying.** At first glance, C.C.C.L. might seem devoid of any right to argue a case to which it is not remotely a party. Originally, an *amicus* was simply a bystander lawyer who offered a judge neutral legal advice. But as more and more private lawsuits began to affect public interests, *amici* became advocates, largely in appellate courts, for otherwise unrepresented third parties—business, labor, the states, even Congress. Today, *amicus* briefs may sometimes dwarf the arguments of nominal litigants—and be welcomed by courts as clarifiers of widely competing interests.

Almost since its founding in 1870, the Justice Department has been the leading filer in federal courts of *amicus* briefs aimed at social changes—from

**Important Irrelevancies.** But the court does welcome artful *amici* and occasionally solicits Government briefs that truly ventilate legal issues. If the main parties lack legal talent, the court's ultimate opinion may even sound remarkably like the *amicus* brief—a type of plagiarism that *amicus* groups prize and proudly report to their members. Most often, *amici* do the valuable chore of arguing novel or shaky points that litigants either dare not or do not think to embrace. Even when they are initially rejected, such arguments are thus recorded and may later bear fruit. In 1950, for example, the N.A.A.C.P., acting as *amicus* for a Negro who had been segregated in a railroad dining car, suggested overruling the separate-but-equal doctrine—a point that finally won school desegregation in 1954. Stress "important irrelevancies," Law-



C.C.C.L.'S FLEMING

#### Supreme Court of the United States

October Term, 1964  
No. 496

ENTIRELY C. BROWN and C. L. BROWN  
Petitioners

vs.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT  
Respondent

The Justice Department is a party to this case.

WHY THE LEAVE TO FILE A BRIEF WITH THIS COURT AND APPEAR AS AMICI CURIAE FOR THE CATHOLIC CHURCH ON CIVIL LIBERTIES

ROBERT B. FLEMING  
27 West End Avenue  
New York, New York 10023  
Counsel for the petitioners, C. B. Brown and C. L. Brown.

#### CONNECTICUT CASE BRIEF

For an artful *amicus*, the highest prize is to be plagiarized.



A.C.L.U.'S PEMBERTON

Roman Catholic clergy, whose flock comprises 46% of the state's population, is theoretically of no concern to the court—but a little counterpressure never hurts. Last week it came from an unexpected source: The Catholic Council on Civil Liberties offered an *amicus curiae* (friend of the court) brief attacking the law and implying that it might trouble even Pope Paul VI.

"Though modest in size," wrote Buffalo Lawyer Robert B. Fleming, the C.C.C.L. boasts Notre Dame's Law School Dean Joseph O'Meara, Massachusetts' former Attorney General Edward J. McCormack and the Rev. Benjamin L. Masse, associate editor of the Jesuit weekly *America*. Though it hardly speaks for the church, "hopefully it speaks for a Catholic point of view."

In that view, said Fleming, a father of six, the church has begun to recognize that marriage rights include "conjugal union as the expression of love." Pope Paul himself recently said that in restudying its stand on birth control the church cannot overlook "the feelings most close to the experience of man and woman." Connecticut, said Flem-

ing, is guilty of "profane interference" with just those feelings. Since the N.A.A.C.P. began leading the way in 1909, more and more minority groups have also found in court a chance for expression that eludes them at the ballot box. In 1945, the American Jewish Congress started a legal arm that has since filed scores of *amicus* briefs not only concerned with Jewish causes but also with the rights of Catholics, Negroes and Puerto Ricans. No *amicus* quite matches the 44-year-old American Civil Liberties Union, which, under Executive Director John Pemberton Jr., churns out briefs for people of any political persuasion.

Some *amici* see their briefs as frank lobbying—demonstration that powerful groups back an appellant's cause. Indeed, such pressure flooded the Supreme Court in 1948 when 40 organizations filed for the Hollywood "unfriendly ten," screenwriters who had been convicted of contempt of Congress. The court refused to review the case (*Lawson v. U.S.*). Trade associations have also failed to snow the court with briefs trumpeting the size and power of their members.

yer Charles Abrams of the American Jewish Congress once advised. *Amici*, he said, should provide "arguments that will salvage the judges' consciences or square with their prepossessions should they lean toward holding for us."

Understandably, the court refuses to consider half-baked briefs and requires *amici* to ask the consent of all parties before filing. *Amici* face a formidable critic in the Justice Department, a party to 50% of the court's cases. The Government as a party approves only *amici* with "relevant arguments" and "substantial interest in the decision." The court does, however, accept some *amici* briefs without the litigants' consent. Last week's liberal Catholic brief requested court approval, for example, because Connecticut withheld consent. Even if the court rejects the C.C.C.L. brief, it faces three other aspiring pro-contraceptive *amici*—the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, a group of 141 leading U.S. doctors, and the ever-eager American Civil Liberties Union. Anti-contraceptive Connecticut, on the other hand, has not found an *amicus* willing to speak up in court.

**WHEN DO YOU STOP  
BEING DIFFERENT?**

**ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA**  
**AyC**  
**ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA**  
**ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA**  
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**Y**  
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**THE CIGAR THAT NEVER LASTS LONG ENOUGH**

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## THE PRESS

### NEWSCASTING

#### Editing for Viewers

*Broadcasting is the least discussed, most misunderstood and under-reported facet of our modern life. Certainly the news of broadcasting, the people in and around broadcasting and the problems of broadcasting need a broadcast forum.*

—John Kiermaier, President, Educational Broadcasting, Inc.

The subject up for discussion on the TV panel show was television news, and one of the guests weighed in with a surprising suggestion. "I heartily believe," said CBS Newscaster Walter Cronkite, "that in 1968, the political parties ought to ban television from the floor of the convention hall. It certainly makes a mockery of the fact that this is a convention of delegates who are supposed to be listening to the speeches and tending to some sort of business on the floor." Cronkite added wryly: "I'll probably be read out of every honorary journalism society in the world."

On New York's educational Channel 13 last week, ABC's Howard K. Smith and NBC's Edwin Newman joined Cronkite to bring to the hour-long *Broadcasting Forum* the kind of frank and open discussion that can be a credit to television. Boldly, they put their own medium on the firing line—and fired at will.

**Passing the Buck.** Neither Smith nor Newman endorsed Cronkite's view on changing convention coverage, but on other scores both were as outspoken as he. "I think American TV documentaries are in a rut," observed Smith. "We've carried the concept of balance too far. We've got to the point where we're almost afraid to make a point." Cronkite demurred: "If the intention is to illuminate, you should illuminate both sides of the issue because the issue has two sides." Smith overruled him: "Truth is not necessarily halfway between any two points."

Not all the comment was self-critical. In re-examining the press's performance in Dallas after President Kennedy's assassination, Cronkite felt inclined to pass the buck. "We turned the cameras on the kind of confusion that the press has always created in similar circumstances," he said. "And for the first time, the public was able to see how all of the press operates. What we did was show the confusion, and therefore we got the blame."

Newman upheld TV's right to Milwaukee toast programming, even on newscasts: "I don't think it's realistic to expect organizations that live by advertising to pioneer in fields that may offend people." With some justice, he made news brevity on TV a virtue: "One reason we have such a great impact is that we edit. We edit to a degree that I think it is fair to say the New York Times does not. It doesn't edit very often; it compiles."



CBS'S WALTER CRONKITE



ABC'S HOWARD K. SMITH



NBC'S EDWIN NEWMAN  
Where brevity is a virtue.

**Footnote.** At one point, Howard Smith insisted unblinkingly that "the civil rights bill would have passed into obscurity if television had not existed"—a statement that went strangely unchallenged by Colleagues Cronkite and Newman, or by Moderator William A. Wood, director of the Office of Radio and Television at Columbia University. "I don't argue with that for one second," responded Cronkite. "But do we cover all the news? I think we cover as much news as many of the bad newspapers in this country." Said Newman: "I think we cover as much news as it is possible for people to take in."

A little later, Cronkite added a thoughtful footnote. "I'm afraid that the public is getting brainwashed into a belief that they're getting all that they need to know from television," he said. "And this is not so. They need to know a great deal more than we can communicate to them. Somehow or other, we have to teach the American people to seek more information, to be a little more discriminating perhaps. And when they do, they'll get even better news programs on television."

## COMICS

### Censoring Orphan Annie

Daddy Warbucks is in serious trouble. The egg-bald guardian of that ageless comic-strip carrot top, Little Orphan Annie, has been railroaded into a private insane asylum run by one Dr. Le Quaque. "Worse'n a real prison," says Annie, after casing the place and discovering that patients, as another strip character puts it, "as sane as anybody but labeled crazy are stuck here in this snake pit with no chance o' gettin' out."

With Annie's ingenious aid, Daddy will soon break out of stir—but the caper went on without the endorsement of the Hartford, Conn. Courant. Offended by the comic strip's pejorative attitude toward mental institutions and mental health, Courant Publisher John R. Reitenmeyer suspended Annie for two weeks—"until she stopped preaching." After all, said Reitenmeyer, nothing like that could happen in Connecticut, where "you just can't be railroaded" into a mental institution. Reitenmeyer was also concerned about the effect on readers: "It would disturb people with relations in mental institutions, and it might even deter some who need treatment from going into an institution."

In Dallas, the Times Herald reached much the same conclusion. "It is the conviction of the Times Herald that irresponsible propaganda is being placed in the mouth of one of America's best known fictional characters," said that paper in a Page One editorial. "This newspaper, recipient of medical writing honors for its carefully researched series on emotionally disturbed persons, does not agree with Orphan Annie." But the Times Herald that Annie have her say: "In the belief that even misguided Orphan Annies are entitled to a viewpoint without censorship, this newspaper will reluctantly continue the objectionable episode."

Orphan Annie's creator, Harold Gray, was unbothered: "I'm not crusading. I'm doing a script. I know some editors are writing editorials saying it couldn't happen in their states. But it can be done. The main thing is that I had to get Daddy Warbucks into a jam. This is a believable jam."

## NEWSPAPERS

### Another Strike in Manhattan?

The omens seemed far from favorable. "A situation exists that could lead to a strike," said Bertram A. Powers, 42, the stubborn Irishman whose printers triggered the 114-day strike against Manhattan newspapers two winters ago. Now the printers and publishers are negotiating once more, and "deadlock" was Powers' word to describe the situation. With that, he flew to Colorado Springs to carry the gloomy tidings to International Typographical Union President Elmer Brown.

Powers' departure was widely con-



strued by the New York press as the first step toward a strike, which Powers cannot call without a ratifying vote from his 2,700 men—a ballot that requires headquarters permission. But that was probably a misinterpretation. It overlooked two encouraging breaks in the pattern that led to the disastrous and costly shutdown of 1962-63.

**Two Irishmen.** Significantly, the two sides have been getting together regularly, well in advance of the contract expiration date, which is March 30. This is a considerable departure from the past, when serious negotiations did not always begin before the contract ran out. Since last October, the unions and the publishers have met 54 times, in an atmosphere that even Bert Powers described as "reasonable."

Perhaps even more important, this time Irishman Powers is pitted against a different type of adversary. Last time around, he sat across the bargaining table from Amory Howe Bradford, 52, vice president and general manager of the New York Times, an Ivy League product (Phillips Academy, Yale '34) whose icy and unbending demeanor only stiffened Bert Powers' spine. This time, the publishers' bargaining voice is John J. Gaherin, 50, an Irishman with whom Powers can probably come to terms.

Like the printers' boss, Gaherin came up the hard way, without benefit of a college education. To his new assignment in New York, he brings 20 years of experience in railroad labor relations, most recently as chairman of the labor-relations committee of the Eastern Railroad Presidents Conference. In that capacity, Gaherin has argued management's side against the railroad brotherhoods, or unions, many of whom are at least as stubborn as Powers and his men.

**Automation Threat.** Whether the shrewd appointment of Gaherin can actually avert another shutdown is a question that probably will not be answered much before March 30, if then. As expected, the preliminary jousting has only spelled out the distance between the two sides. Gaherin, for instance, has offered a \$10.50 wage increase over three years, and a three-year contract, to apply to all nine craft unions. Powers has countered by demanding \$15 for one year and a one-year contract.

But this is little more than a dummy issue. The real bone of contention is automation, a thorny problem left unresolved by the last strike. The printers were then alarmed at the job threat posed by such new devices as computer-operated, tape-fed typesetting machines, now installed or on order at two of Manhattan's six dailies (the Times and the Post). Management is equally concerned, and has offered to neutralize the threat by attrition: to let only death, retirement and resignation, and not the machines, winnow the present population of the composing room. This concert of minds speaks much more loudly than the niggling differences involved.



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## Life Insurance—and the definition of disability

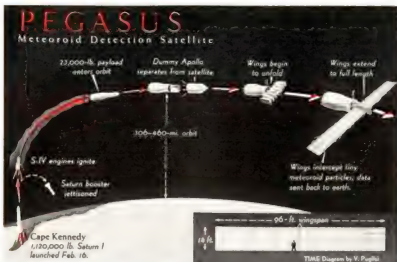
A number of years ago Mutual Benefit pioneered a unique disability policy by defining disability in terms of loss of "earned income" arising from sickness or accident. This definition avoids some uncertainties which might arise under the more common contract which defines disability as inability to pursue any gainful occupation.

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## SPACE

## Measuring Meteoroids

Slim and tall, the graceful gantries of Cape Kennedy's Missile Row loomed over a week of intense activity. First rocket off the pad was a giant Saturn, its eight-engine booster still the most powerful the U.S. has ever aimed at space. With deceptive ease it ignited, accelerated and climbed out of sight. A few minutes later, the second stage blasted into orbit. Sizable pieces, which are dummy Apollo parts, detached themselves and moved away, leaving a curious folded apparatus exposed to space. Slowly that great gadget expanded its accordion pleats and flattened into a shiny aluminum wing for the Pegasus of the 20th century.

**Electronic Collision.** So frail that it can hold its shape only at weightless, airless altitudes, that wide wing is the working element of a satellite, built by Fairchild Hiller Corp., for detecting micrometeoroids. Pegasus' 208 rectangular panels are covered on both sides with thin sheets of copper and alumi-

num separated by plastic. The metal sheets are electrically charged, but normally no current flows between them. When a micrometeoroid penetrates the aluminum, it will punch a hole in the plastic and fill the hole with metal vapor that is a good conductor of electricity. Although the gas will dissipate quickly, there will be time for a brief pulse of electricity to cross the barrier and inform the satellite's electronic brain. Instruments in the satellite will record the time of each hit, identify the panel, and report roughly in what direction it was facing when hit.

Since the panel's aluminum sheets vary in thickness, they will be able to distinguish between meteoroids of different energy. Pegasus will store all such information and hold it until it gets a radio command to transmit its observations to the ground.

**Routine Now.** More detailed knowledge of micrometeoroids is considered essential for man's safety in space. But even so, orbiting Pegasus was not the most significant achievement of the Saturn launch. Far more encouraging for

the future of space exploration was the smoothness with which the many-tiered rocket was dispatched into the sky.

Early space rockets, even small ones, spent weeks or months on their pads before taking off. Often, when they seemed to succeed, they accomplished only part of their mission. The failure of some small part kept them below the level of total perfection that is the absolute imperative of space. But nothing at all went wrong with last week's Saturn, which left its pad as routinely as an ocean liner leaving its pier.

The eight interconnected engines of the big bird's booster stage are training vehicles on which U.S. engineers are learning to handle the five much larger engines that will boost the Apollo spaceship on its voyage to the moon. Saturn's second stage teaches an even more difficult art. Its six Pratt & Whitney RL-10 engines burn liquid hydrogen, which is incredibly touchy to handle, but has an added efficiency that is considered essential for the moon project. The smooth success of last week's launch suggests that LH<sub>2</sub> has at last become a routine fuel.

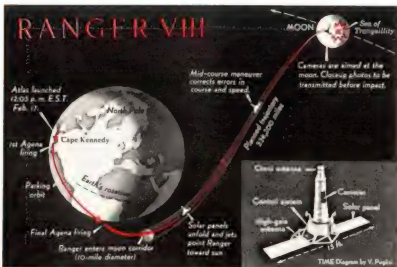
## Mapping the Moon

Second of the week's big shots sent a smaller bird aloft, but the flight of the Ranger VIII moon probe was an even greater achievement. After a 66-hour, 234,300-mile trip, the spacecraft's six cameras panned across the luminous lunar surface taking thousands of snapshots of the great craters and dusty plains that U.S. astronauts hope to explore. Before the automated voyager crashed within 15 miles of its preselected impact point, the exquisite accuracy of all its maneuvers testified to the growing skill of U.S. spacemen.

Hitting the moon at all with a man-made missile is a prodigy of calculation and performance, and Ranger's builders have learned to turn the trick only after profiting from the experience of heart-breaking failures. Their first five shots fizzled. The sixth was on target, but its TV cameras failed to function. Ranger VII did everything right: its radioed photographs may have told little to amateurs, but they made professionals more familiar than ever with the planet they plan to visit. Then came Ranger VIII, and man got his clearest look yet at his closest planetary neighbor.

**Correct Correction.** The first step toward a precision Ranger shot is to put the spacecraft on a parking orbit around the earth. That orbit is then analyzed by computers; the spacecraft's altitude, speed and direction must be measured with infinite care, for the next burst of power must boost the spacecraft through an imaginary target 120 miles above the earth and only ten miles in diameter. Only then can a mid-course correction of trajectory put the spacecraft inside the selected area.

Ranger VIII hit the ten-mile target



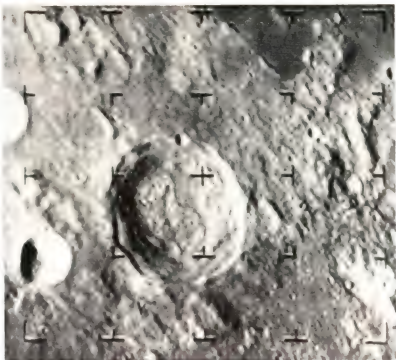
at the correct speed, set itself at the proper angle to the sun and the earth, and kept in tight communication with its ground-control stations. About 17 hours after launch, the command came from its masters at Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory to prepare for the critical mid-course maneuver. Dutifully Ranger writhed in space, turning its gleaming golden body as it was told. It fired its small rocket engine for 59 seconds, and when it had writhed back again to cruising attitude, JPL scientists predicted that it would hit inside an "ellipse of probability" 40 miles wide and 75 miles long in the southwest corner of the Sea of Tranquillity. "Those trajectory guys are getting good," said a JPL spokesman. "It looks as if Ranger VIII will be even more accurate than Ranger VII."

The Sea of Tranquillity was the target picked before the launch. Ranger VII had photographed a fairly smooth-looking place now called the Mare Cognitum (Known Sea) and found it to be pocked with small pits apparently made by chunks of rock tossed out of the crater Copernicus. A lunar landing vehicle might have serious trouble with such pits, and the hope was that the Sea of Tranquillity would prove to be smoother.

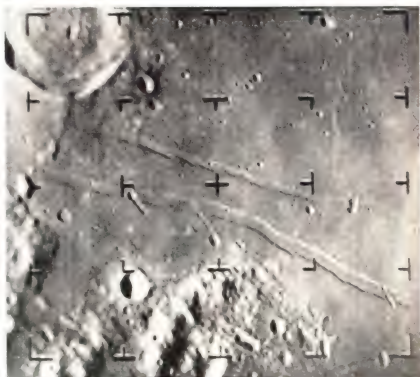
**Ambitious Voyage.** For 50 hours, Ranger VIII cruised through space, its speed gradually slowing under the backward pull of the earth's gravitation. Then it felt the forward pull of the moon's gravitation and began to gain speed. As the spacecraft curved into its final dive, it swept across the face of the moon at a lower altitude than its predecessor. In 23 minutes it sent back 7,000 pictures, nearly twice the number returned by Ranger VII, over a five-minute longer span.

The first pictures covered a rectangular area 200 miles wide and 400 miles long. In the final second before Ranger collided with the onrushing moon its cameras were snapping closeups of moon segments no larger than a city block. Even so, after scanning the lunar snapshots, scientists were still undecided whether the moon's surface would support a spacecraft. A "personal guess" by Dr. Gerard Kuiper, head of the scientific team analyzing the evidence, was that the moon is coated with a frothy substance that "may hide many treacherous things." The University of California's Dr. Harold Urey argued on the other hand that photographs of several craters showed "a whitish button on the bottom," suggesting that there is "very hard material underneath."

The final verdict will not be in until the scientists have analyzed their bountiful crop of pictures. Meanwhile, there will be still more unmanned shots at the moon. Man's most intricate machines will peer at the moon from all angles, prod its surface and map its contours with cautious patience before man himself essays that ambitious voyage across space.



**FACE OF THE MOON**, 470 miles away, on one of Ranger's six cameras, seven minutes before spacecraft landed. Crater near center of picture is 32 miles across.



**SEA OF TRANQUILLITY**, 270 miles up, four minutes before impact. The two long parallel rills, or troughs, across center, said scientists, "look like freeways."



NAT COLE

It was more like a condition than a voice.

## JAZZ

### The King

The coronation took place in a Los Angeles saloon. The proprietor slipped up to the bandstand, playfully popped a tinseled paper crown on the young singer's head, and decreed: "King Cole!" The title stuck. And so, for the next quarter of a century, did Nat King Cole, right at the top as one of the most captivatingly popular crooners of all time. No one was more amazed at his enduring success than Cole himself. "My voice," he would say wonderingly, "is nothing to be proud of."

Indeed, it was more a condition than a voice—something like three parts frog to one part frog. A doctor, upon hearing him for the first time, rushed up to caution: "With a throat like that, you should be home in bed." But that hoarse, honey-cured quality carried a certain tranquilizing caress that was his vocal signature and sustained him admirably through the years while legions of belters and bleaters flourished and died. With moistened lips and a flashing, yard-wide smile, he let a song uncurl from his cavernous mouth with the nonchalance of a man blowing smoke rings. He savored each vowel until it whispered in the ear. He excelled at romantic ballads—*Too Young*, *Unforgettable*, *Somewhere Along the Way*, *Friend, Answer Me, My Love*, *Rumblin' Rose*—which made up the bulk of his \$50 million record sales.

**Barefoot Hermit.** Born Nathaniel Adams Cole in Alabama, he was brought up in Chicago, where his father was pastor of the True Light Baptist Church. The future king began appropriately as "the Prince of the Ivories," leading the high school dance band

He also played first base well enough to be approached by minor-league baseball teams. At 18, he opted instead to tour the vaudeville circuit, played jazz piano in small West Coast bar-rooms for \$5 a night, later added a bassist and guitarist to form his own trio.

He never thought of singing until one night, at the insistence of a club manager, he reluctantly intoned *Sweet Lorraine* to placate a free-spending drunk bellowing requests from the bar. In 1943 he recorded his first vocal number, *Straighten Up and Fly Right*, which flew right up the bestseller charts. He followed in 1946 with *The Christmas Song* ("Chestnuts roasting on an open fire . . ."), which became an alltime Yule classic.

Meanwhile, Cole was also topping the jazz polls for his "floating swing" style of piano in the tradition of his idol, Earl ("Fatha") Hines. Cole became a strong force in jazz, influenced the styles of such greats as Bill Evans, Ray Charles, Oscar Peterson. The event that helped turn him permanently into a singer was the unlikely appearance in 1948 of a bearded, barefoot hermit-songwriter named Eden Ahbez, who smuggled one of his songs to Cole through his valet. It was called *Nature Boy*, and Cole's haunting version of it became a runaway bestseller. He soon broke up his trio to charges of "artistic sellout" by the jazz critics. "Critics," countered Cole, "don't buy records. They get them free."

**No Successor.** During a concert in Birmingham in 1956, five white men leaped onto the stage and knocked him down. Cole was unhurt. That is, until later, when the Negro press scalded him "for kneeling before the throne of Jim Crow" by playing before a segre-

gated audience. In Harlem, some juke joints ceremoniously smashed his records. "I'm an entertainer," he answered, "not a politician. I'm crusading in my own way. I feel I can help ease the tension by gaining the respect of both races all over the country."

That he did to a degree rare in any profession. When he died last week of cancer of the lung in Los Angeles, at the age of 45, men of both races mourned. The city council adjourned a session in his memory; the flags at the new Music Center were lowered to half-mast. And perhaps the best tribute of all came from his fans. On the day following his death, Capitol Records was deluged with orders for more than 1,000,000 of his records—the legacy of an uncommon King who would know no successor.

## MOVIES ABROAD

### The Reign of Spain

In Spain today, all the world's a sound stage. *The Outlaw of the Red River*, with George Montgomery, is now shooting on the banks of the Tagus River. *Yacht to Jamaica* never left Barcelona. Nor did Horst Buchholz as *The Man from Istanbul*, Orson Welles's epic of Fulstaff, *Chimes at Midnight*, is packing up in Madrid, but Henry Fonda is just digging in around Segovia for *The Battle of the Bulge*. And in suburban Madrid, it looks as if Franco lost the Civil War after all; there, in a set ankle-deep in marble-dust snow, 1,500 Red revolutionaries have just taken over a ten-acre mock-up of Moscow. The film is *Doctor Zhivago*, starring Egypt's Omar Sharif, Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson and, as Zhivago's young wife, Charlie Chaplin's 20-year-old daughter Geraldine. At \$10 million, it

CHARLIE CHAPLIN



"ZHIVAGO" SET NEAR MADRID

It looked as if Franco had lost the Civil War.



WELLES AS FAUST

\* In 1959 with then President Juscelino Kubitschek during a Brazilian tour.



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is M-G-M's most free-spending spectacular since *Ben-Hur*.

**Pumping Out Orson.** All this action could be just another reason why Douglas Dillon wants out at the Treasury. The hegira from Hollywood and the hegemony of Spain seem inescapable. Spain's low living costs are equaled nowhere in Europe except Greece and Yugoslavia, and its range of scenery and climate are matched nowhere at all. Orson Welles, making do with a fish-and-flour warehouse as studio, paid rent of a mere \$120 a month. And he didn't have to fabricate a medieval cobble-street market, a walled village, or a 12th century Romanesque castle; all were within kilometers of his set. Which left most of his rigid \$1,000,000 budget for casting, and he could hardly have made it pay better, signing on Jeanne Moreau as Dolly Tearsheet, Sir John Gielgud as Henry IV, and even Margaret Rutherford as Mrs. Quickly. One other area where Welles didn't cut down: gluttony, which left him hospitalized after he gobbled up a middle-sized lamb and washed down four liters of hot wine.

Spain's other touted economy is that if the director doesn't like the weather, all he has to do is drive a little. Thus David Lean of *Zhivago*, who had traveled 30,000 miles to find a snowy steppeland for his winter scenes, was assured he need go no further than Soria in the Spanish Pyrenees. "Just like Russia," promised the mayor, counting up the take for the local economy. M-G-M was convinced, built a whole Russian village, a rail line and a river-diverting dam. Only the snows never came, and when Lean went scouting for some, he wound up three feet deep, Jeep and all, in an icy marsh. The scene will be tried again next winter—farther north.

**Boiling Out Bronston.** The sinking feeling was shared by the Spanish government, which has long cultivated the movie trade. Though it fatuously forbade Lean to play the *Internationale* during *Zhivago*'s revolutionary skirmishes, Madrid laboriously rounded up turn-of-the-century rail equipment (still in use) and Russian weapons captured during the Civil War. It also promised a squadron of mounted police to play Moscow dragoons. When they didn't show, Lean fell back on some gypsy cavalry, who have already been Moors in *El Cid*, Boxers in *55 Days in Peking*, Macedonians in *Alexander the Great* and Visigoths in *The Fall of the Roman Empire*.

In the case of Spain's most lucrative foreign producer, Samuel Bronston, the government has gone even farther. Once so overextended that he couldn't pay his tab at Madrid's Castellana Hilton, Bronston has been bailed out with an official two-year moratorium on his debts, plus a fat crude-oil import license. Of course, Bronston has of late been cranking out some patriotic Spanish shorts as a sort of *Cid pro quo*.

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## EDUCATION

### UNIVERSITIES

#### New Tides in the Pacific

"The world is moving toward a new era—the Pacific era," says Hawaii's Governor John A. Burns, and his state shows a lively new determination to make its mid-Pacific location the center of the region's rising tide of intellectual and scientific achievement.

Atop Hawaii's clear, cloud-free Mauna Kea (13,784 ft.), new telescopes sweep the skies from a site that Astronomer Gerard Kuiper terms "the finest in the world—I repeat, in the world." Five space-tracking stations in the islands now spot missiles and satellites. A

inaugural address. "And yet, in its rarer moments, society also acknowledges that it is equally important to examine and indeed to modify its orthodoxy. Thus the university is mandated to question the value system which it is also supposed to preserve."

Physically, the school for which Hamilton set this goal is as spectacular as its symbol, the rainbow. Its 268-acre campus abounds in landscaped lawns, red and yellow hibiscus, shower trees and coconut palms. Semicircled by the greenery of Manoa Valley's bordering volcanic mountains, the campus overlooks Honolulu, Waikiki Beach and Māhala Bay. Student dress is almost as

Pursuing this plan, Hamilton launched a new graduate library school, which will include a \$2,500,000 research library and will nearly quadruple the university's present 800,000 volumes. Research in Asian and Pacific linguistics, including compilation of dictionaries of little-known Asian languages, is a major goal. Hamilton intends to add eight new doctoral programs, including oceanography, linguistics and Asian and Pacific languages, to the 18 now offered. An effective public salesman, he coaxed \$30 million from the legislature for his current budget, compared to \$12 million in 1960, and expects to get \$41 million for next year.

Much of the money is needed to keep up with the university's rising enrollment: it was 5,000 in 1950, 10,000 in 1960, and is 15,519 now. Buildings are going up so fast that wags call the university "an empire in which the concrete never sets." Yet a significant sum has been used to improve salaries and lure top teachers and researchers to Hawaii.

Hamilton has netted such names as Windsor Cooper Cutting, former dean of the Stanford Medical School, to direct the university's Pacific Biomedical Research Center; Schuyler Hoslett, a Dun & Bradstreet vice president, as dean of the College of Business Administration; and U.C.L.A. Economics Chairman Wytze Gorter as graduate-school dean.

**Atomic-Fed Fisheries.** The university's main contribution to the state's intellectual thrust has been in the natural sciences. Grants, mainly for scientific research, should reach \$15 million this year. Even bigger sums are foreseen by Hawaii's newly imaginative faculty.

Hawaii was selected for the National Science Foundation's huge Mohole project<sup>\*</sup> mainly through the energy of the new director of the university's Hawaii Institute of Geophysics, George P. Woollard. He gambled some \$15,000 of university funds in a crash survey of likely sites, came up with the winner. Convinced of the growing interrelationship of meteorology, geology, solid-earth geophysics and oceanography, he has lumped all four studies into an unusual single department of geophysics. His institute is engaged in tidal-wave research at sea, cloud research atop mountains. He envisions the dumping of atomic wastes into the area's underwater volcanic mountains to create thermal currents that would drive nutrients to the surface for new fisheries.

At the Biomedical Research Center, Cutting directs studies of the high rate of stomach cancer among Japanese meals, seeks antiviral agents in Pacific herbs and fungi. Other university scientists have developed new techniques for commercialization of macadamia nuts

<sup>\*</sup> Which was proved feasible in drilling tests off La Jolla, Calif., and Guadalupe Island, Mexico, in 1961 after being stalled by wrangling among scientists, engineers and politicians.



HAWAII'S HAMILTON & STUDENTS

*An empire of inquiry in which concrete never sets.*

hundred miles northeast of the island of Maui, a place where the ocean is three miles deep has been chosen for the \$71 million Project Mohole—an attempt to drill three miles through the earth's crust to the underlying mantle. A recent business-sponsored survey projected a possible annual income of \$100 million for state firms from oceanic research.

**Revitalized University.** The battery powering much of this activity is the revitalized University of Hawaii under its new president, Dr. Thomas Hale Hamilton, 50. A former vice president for academic affairs at Michigan State, Hamilton served for three years in the frustrating presidency of the State University of New York's 58 uncoordinated branches before quitting in 1962 to take the Hawaii post. Now, with a central campus and a clear line of authority, he is carrying out his concept of the great university. "A university is established by a society to ensure that the values to which that social order subscribes are perpetuated," he said in his

colorful as the sunsets. An Indian girl in a sari strolls with a Chinese girl in sneakers and blue jeans. Caucasian girls in muumuu and poi pounders (an above-knee muumuu with long, tight pants) vie for attention with others in Polynesian prints and Bermuda shorts. The motto on the university gates is fitting: "Above all nations is humanity."

**Shake-Up.** Until four years ago, the intellectual life was as placid as the setting. Then former Governor William F. Quinn fired the entire board of regents, appointed an energetic new group headed by Dole Corp. President Herbert C. Cornuelle. This board brought in Hamilton, who began a ten-year development program that strives for particular excellence in those fields in which Hawaii enjoys natural advantages. Hamilton sees these as the behavioral sciences related to the area's multicultural citizenry, those cultural disciplines in which "the East-West dialogue is best promoted," and natural sciences tied to Hawaii's geophysical location.



and launched gravitational studies that may prove Tokyo to be some 400 meters closer to San Francisco than map-makers now believe—which would be a matter of considerable interest to the world's missilemen.

One beneficiary of the university's progress is the semi-autonomous East-West Center, which occupies soaring-lined buildings designed by Architect I. M. Pei on the university campus; the center taps the university's resources, but has its own chancellor and is financed by Congress. Founded in 1960 as a vehicle of American-Asian understanding, it floundered at first for lack of direction. But Hamilton has served as acting chancellor for the last year, tightened its organization and eased the strain between Hawaiian and Washington officials. Soon U.S. Ambassador to Indonesia Howard P. Jones will become chancellor, and the center finally seems past its growing pains.

## COLLEGES

### Giving Is Growing

Mrs. Stanley P. Jadwin's husband, a rich drug manufacturer who died in 1936, was a graduate of Columbia University. Her son, L. Stockwell Jadwin, was an honor student and track-team captain at Princeton who died in an auto accident shortly after his graduation in 1928. Before her own death last fall in her lifetime Brooklyn house, Mrs. Jadwin had decided to bequeath her fortune to a university as a memorial to both. Last week Princeton President Robert F. Goheen was able to announce that Mrs. Jadwin chose Princeton rather than Columbia for that memorial: a no-strings gift of \$27 million.

Philanthropy on that scale is rare in U.S. education (it is one of the largest single-donor gifts any university has received), but general private support of higher education is still rising rapidly. The annual survey of 50 U.S. colleges and universities by New York's John Price Jones Co., professional fund raisers, shows that gifts spurred 11.3% last year over 1963—from \$335,456,000 to \$373,446,000. Contributions from individuals still provide the biggest single source of such funds (39.3%), but foundation grants are growing (now 33.1%), while bequests (16.9%) and corporations (10.7%) provide the rest. The gifts of the past four years alone total more than a fourth of the \$4.8 billion that the Jones surveys have tabulated in their 44 years of existence.

The top ten beneficiaries in 1964:

Harvard	\$38,812,000
Stanford	36,078,000
Cornell	27,695,000
Yale	22,538,000
M.I.T.	21,133,000
Chicago	20,555,000
California	16,602,000
Princeton	16,416,000
Columbia	16,001,000
N.Y.U.	15,741,000

### Good Try in Alabama

The 220-lb. sheriff with the night-stick mentality, the glacial rate of voter registration, the Negroes waiting in the rain—all these symbols of disgrace in Selma, Ala., have been in headlines and news pictures for five weeks. But Selma has its assets too, and one of them is Dr. James H. Owens, a peppery, knowledgeable Negro educator who is struggling valiantly to keep the area's only Negro college alive.

Owens, erect and brisk at 64, readily concedes that his Selma University is wildly misnamed. It is not a full college, much less a university, since only its three theology students study for four years. It cannot get accreditation from the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools even as a junior college, because it has no science building, pays its faculty \$1,000 less than the required minimum of \$4,500, and has no teachers with master's degrees in science, mathematics, English, business or social science. Owens' problem is money. In fund raising, he says, "you always get the run-around because you're not accredited. But if you could get some money, you could buy the equipment and staff to become accredited. It's the old story—he that has shall get."

"Looked & Left." Owens came to Selma U. as president in 1956 after 26 years in education. Son of an Acme, N.C., factory fireman, he worked at railroad jobs to finance his chemistry and French studies at Richmond's Virginia Union University. He later earned a master's degree in psychology at the University of Michigan. He taught at Mississippi's Tougaloo College and for 13 years at Leland College in Baker, La., becoming its president. When he first saw Selma U., Owens recalls, "I looked, turned around and left." Then, after deciding that the president's job would be "a real challenge—and I have been foolish enough to do things like that all my life," he returned and accepted.

Founded in 1878 by the Alabama Colored Baptist Convention as a theological school, Selma had evolved mainly into a teacher-training institution. As late as 1950, it also taught 500 grade-school children crowded out of the town's inadequate Negro schools. When Owens arrived, Selma was down to barely 100 students, including some still completing high school, and its five buildings were going to ruin. On 21 acres of flat land where brown cows still graze, the school consisted of two aging red brick dormitories, a tiny red cafeteria and a dilapidated classroom building called Dinkins Hall. "The floors were so bad you got splinters if you wore thin shoes," Owens recalls. There was another academic building, but it had to be torn down at once, says Owens, "for insurance reasons—but even more for esthetic reasons."

He concentrated the curriculum on a solid two-year preparation for senior

college work in liberal arts, business education and teaching. He helps out his eleven-man faculty by teaching two biology classes, a speech class and sometimes a psychology class. His wife, who holds a master's degree in education from Michigan, works as the registrar. Enrollment is now 209.

**A Poverty Area.** Owens persuaded the Alabama Baptist State Convention, a Negro organization, to launch a fund drive among its 1,000 churches to build a handsome, \$102,000 tan brick library and to pay part of the cost of a \$220,000 gymnasium and classroom building. Most of the rest was financed by a \$100,000 five-year loan—the school's only debt. Nearly the only non-Negro help the school has received has been \$49,000 in building funds and \$6,000



OWENS & STUDENTS  
A splintery challenge.

yearly for salaries of two theological teachers from the all-white Southern Baptist Convention.

Operating funds are particularly short. Dinkins Hall is falling apart, but Owens can afford barely \$5,000 a year for maintenance and repairs. Of his \$126,000 annual budget, only \$50,000 comes from tuition, room and board. Tuition is a mere \$40 a semester, room and board only \$32.50 a month. Owens could raise these charges, but he fears that his students could not afford any more. "This is a poverty area, you may as well face it," he says.

Selma's most noted graduate is Autherine Lucy, the girl who cracked the color barrier at the University of Alabama in 1956. The school is segregated only because whites will not go to it; Owens nourishes a small hope that some day the low tuition may attract a few. The school's students take part in the Selma voter-registration demonstrations, but Owens, overburdened with duties at his school, does not. He himself has been a registered voter ever since he moved to Selma.

## RELIGION

### PRESBYTERIANS

#### Changing the Confession

For the first time in three centuries, Presbyterians are substantially altering their confession of faith. A new creed has been drawn up by a committee of United Presbyterian pastors and theologians, headed by Princeton Theological Seminary's Professor Edward A. Dowey Jr.

The proposed 5,000-word "Confession of 1967" does not have to deal with predestination, the historic preoccupation of Presbyterians; an amendment to the Westminster Confession was back in 1903 effectively modified the Calvinist doctrine that some men are predestined for salvation while others are damned to hell. It challenges the "inerrancy" of the literal Bible by asserting that while Scripture is the authoritative witness to God's word, it is to be reinterpreted in each age in the light of increasing knowledge. For the first time in Presbyterian church history, the new confession gives the church a specific social mission, committing it to integration, defending interracial marriage, and calling for the preservation of peace and the abolition of poverty. The document is called the Confession of 1967 because even if it is adopted by the 177th annual general assembly in Columbus next May, it will have to be approved by two subsequent assemblies and ratified by two-thirds of the 193 presbyteries.

**Schizophrenic Belief.** The Westminster Confession, drawn up in England and ratified by Parliament in 1648, has been the Presbyterian creed ever since. Most members of the church have long ago rejected the predestination and the Biblical inerrancy that are the confession's basis. But United Presbyterian pastors must take an ordi-

nation oath to "sincerely receive and adopt the Confession of Faith and Catechisms," even though most do so with declared reservations. The result, says Boston Pastor Sidney Menk, is "schizophrenic" for many. In 1958, the United Presbyterian Church appointed the Dowey committee to update the confessional beliefs.

The new creed will supplement, not abolish, the Westminster Confession, says Dowey. His committee will propose to the general assembly that the church constitution include the Westminster Confession, the Confession of 1967, and six other historical statements of belief, such as the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed, which predate the Protestant Reformation and are accepted by most Christians. The Westminster Confession will thus be de-emphasized and set in its historical place as the expression of 17th century Presbyterianism. "A confession is not a monument, but the tool for the present mission of the church. It is not good Calvinism to let one document stand for three centuries," says Church Historian Dowey.

**Humanistic Theology?** A conservative minority disagrees. The Dowey committee's proposals "will in effect replace every distinguishing doctrine of the Reformed faith with humanistically influenced theology," charges The Rev. G. Aiken Taylor, editor of the *Presbyterian Journal*. The nondenominational, forthrightly *Christianity Today* says that the changes will "legitimize contemporary church practices that violate the Westminster Standards, including the hierarchy's mounting involvement in politico-social activity."

Most United Presbyterians are backing the doctrinal updating. "We decided in the 1920s that we would not be a fundamentalist church, but a conservative, Biblically oriented church that was not rigidly literalist," says the church's chief administrative officer, the Rev. Eugene Carson Blake. And predestination? "No, I don't believe in predestination, that gloomy theory that contradicts one of Christianity's chief wellsprings—hope," says Louis Armstrong, United Presbyterian layman and Denver businessman. Dowey eloquently sums up the spirit of the renovation: "The Reformed Church, if the name means anything, must always be willing to reform."



THEOLOGIAN DOWEY  
Can one age mold the next?



CARDINAL CICOGNANI  
Does one sovereignty tell another?

dends help pay for Vatican expenses and charities such as assisting 1,500,000 children and providing some measure of food and clothing to 7,000,000 needy Italians. Unlike ordinary stockholders, the Vatican pays no taxes on this income, which led the leftist Rome weekly *L'Espresso* last week to call it "the biggest tax evader in Italy."

In 1962, Italy placed a 15% tax on all stock dividends, which two years later was raised to a 30% maximum. A rider to the original law that would have exempted the Vatican was specifically struck down. Nevertheless, the Vatican refused to pay the taxes—which might run upwards of \$15 million a year—citing the Lateran Treaty of 1929 between Pope Pius XI and Mussolini. At that time, Italy agreed to pay the Pope \$39 million in cash and \$52 million in 5% government bonds as indemnity for losses suffered by the Pope when the Papal States were incorporated into Italy in 1870. Under Pius XII, Vatican money was shrewdly invested in stocks and real estate, and the capital has multiplied manyfold. The treaty also recognized the sovereignty of the Vatican, and a 1942 law written "in the spirit of the Concordat" exempted the Vatican from paying certain taxes then existing on dividends.

The Christian Democrats, who have ruled Italy most of the time since the war, never wanted to collect the dividend tax from the Vatican, but were under strong pressure from their Socialist coalition partners. Said Socialist Vice-Premier Pietro Nenni early last year: "No Socialist can take the responsibility for giving the Vatican tens of billions of lire." Caught in the crossfire, Christian Democratic Premier Aldo Moro asked the Vatican for a list of all its Italian stockholdings, assuring the Holy

### ROMAN CATHOLICS

#### The Vatican's Wealth

Bankers' best guesses about the Vatican's wealth put it at \$10 billion to \$15 billion. Of this wealth, Italian stockholdings alone run to \$1.6 billion, 15% of the value of listed shares on the Italian market. The Vatican has big investments in banking, insurance, chemicals, steel, construction, real estate. Divi-



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See that the exemption would then be granted. But the Vatican Secretary of State, Amleto Cardinal Cicognani, coldly replied that a sovereign government does not tell another about the state of its finances.

Still trying to legalize the Vatican's refusal to pay the tax, the Christian Democrats in the government wrote a bill—Law No. 1773—that would exempt Vatican dividends and slipped it through Parliament during the presidential crisis that followed the resignation of President Antonio Segni. But before the bill could be promulgated, the Socialists read it and blocked it.

That made the Vatican furious. A spokesman hinted that unless the harassment ceased, the Holy See would sell its Italian stockholdings. The dumping of millions of shares of stock on the already shaky Italian market would precipitate a financial crisis and bring down the Italian government. Under the threat, the Moro government will probably give final approval to Law No. 1773.

## EPISCOPALIANS

### Bells in the Delta

The Episcopal Church last year sent one of the largest contingents of clergy and laymen—51 in all—to work on civil rights projects such as the National Council of Churches' Mississippi Delta Ministry. But in December, at a meeting of the Executive Council of the Episcopal Church, Southerners pushed through a resolution that would give any bishop the right to ban out-of-state clergy from coming into his diocese to take part in activities financed by the church's \$100,000 civil rights fund. Last week, meeting in Greenwich, Conn., the 42-member council reversed the ruling after hearing argument from council members and others.

Mississippi Bishop Coadjutor John Maury Allin did not oppose the repeal of the December ruling, but he did complain that Episcopal civil rights activists who came to Mississippi paid no attention to his views. "We are an Episcopal Church. The December resolution was an expression of trust in the bishops," said Allin. Chicago Bishop Gerald F. Burrill agreed. "The bishop of any diocese should be consulted prior to any action that concerns his diocese," he said.

Speaking for repeal, Bishop Robert L. DeWitt of Pennsylvania said: "Our church, like every other church, has said over and over again that discrimination, condescension and segregation are evil and of the devil. The Delta Ministry is located in one diocese. But those school bells, those courthouse bells, those church bells toll for us all." Chairman of the Delta Ministry, Paul Moore, suffragan bishop of Washington, was even more impassioned: "God is working through this movement. I've never sensed the Holy Spirit as I did in Mississippi."

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"Carol for Another Christmas", produced and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz from an original story by Rod Serling, will be shown on Monday, December twenty-eighth, 9:30 - 11:00 E.S.T.

"Who Has Seen the Wind?", produced and directed by George Sidney from an original story by Tai Mosel and screenplay by Don Mankiewicz, will appear on Friday, February nineteenth, 9:30 - 11:00.

We should immediately proceed to make arrangements with ABC for proper announcement of these air dates throughout their network and the trade press.

DLG:BJF

November 18, 1964

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# ART

## PAINTING

### Upstaging History

Not even Hollywood's greatest epics of gore can hold a candle to those monumental battle paintings of yore. Every schoolboy knows General Wolfe breathing his last on the Plains of Abraham, the redcoats storming up Bunker Hill, or Washington crossing the Delaware. For a majestic instant in oils, the deadly carnage by grapeshot and musketry is stilled, and the course of history is reversed by a great man. Last week one of the finest U.S. battle tableaux, unseen for 75 years, went on view at the University of California's Berkeley campus.

The painting was Emanuel Leutze's 1854 work, *Washington Rallying the Troops at Monmouth*, which since 1892 has lain rolled up in a redwood chest in the basement of Berkeley's Hearst Gymnasium for Women. Larger than his companion piece, the unforgettable 22-ft. by 12-ft. *Washington Crossing the Delaware* (1851), the oil portrays a bigger than life-size scene of a crucial moment. On a scorching June day in 1778, Major General Charles Lee had ordered the Continental army to retreat before the redcoats. Then, in the nick of time, Washington, accompanied by a cockaded Alexander Hamilton and a bareheaded Marquis de Lafayette, gallops up to rally the troops and confound the crestfallen poltroon Lee, slumping in his saddle. History records a piqued Washington demanding in Olympian tones: "I desire to know, sir, what is the reason, whence arises this disorder and confusion?"

Click! went Leutze, a German-born

Subsequently convicted by court-martial, the English-born Lee died in disgrace and degradation four years later. He was no kin to the Revolutionary hero "Light Horse Harry" and the other famous Lees of Virginia

artist, who actually executed the painting in Düsseldorf, using all the American tourists he could find in town for their facial characteristics. In the Napoleonic tradition of Baron Gros and Géricault, disorder and confusion are hardly apparent. The balanced composition centers around a middle-ground bridge built by the unrealistic posture of Washington's war horse. The dog, which shares the foreground pool of water with parched troops, helps to tranquilize the hustle of hoofs.

However stilted, the painting conjures up the ideal of a bygone age, giving to history a heroic sense rather than data processing it. Leutze even persuaded his exacting student Albert Bierstadt, then 24 (later to become one of the chief chroniclers of the Rocky Mountain landscape), to climb a ladder and touch up the bright sky on the left. There was precious little tranquility that he could add to the blood-and-thunder turbulence of gun smoke.

### Prisoner of the Seraglio

Women enchanted the brush of Botticelli. Da Vinci is famous for one female smile. Whistler for his mother. Degas captured girlishness from gawky grace to the glamorous fall from it. "So why is it unusual that I paint women?" asks Willem de Kooning, at 60 the foremost U.S. artist still working vigorously in the abstract expressionist idiom.

Women they are, but none of De Kooning's Venuses are ever likely to be zephyred toward shore on a half shell, though it is just possible some of them might have been pushed off a 40-story building. When De Kooning discovered Marilyn Monroe as a subject in the mid-1950s, and long before pop artists cottoned to her contours, he painted her as half Lilith, half man-eater, with a pneumatic maw worthy of Kali, the

Hindu goddess of destruction. His newest women are even more tulip-pink tarts, slathering in sensuality and seductive danger (see *opposite*), and yet they have brought collectors to his doorstep, checkbook in hand.

**Building His Dream House.** The price De Kooning commands is not negligible. Last month one of his works reached an alltime high auction price of \$40,000. With his peers in the abstract expressionist movement either dead, like Jackson Pollock and Franz Kline, or caught in a price slump, De Kooning finds his reputation still ascending. Last year he became the second painter (after Andrew Wyeth) to receive the President's Medal of Freedom, and presently finds dealers on both coasts bidding and jockeying for the honor of giving him a one-man show.

For all this, De Kooning himself is still not convinced that he is even a good painter. "Art," he likes to point out, "is the thing you cannot make." He still finds it nearly impossible to know when one of his own works is finished. Only when a friend, Painter Philip Guston, cried, "That's it! That's it!" did he stop endlessly revising one large nude. He has carried over the same element of creative indecision—which makes viewers often feel that his moment of supreme victory has been painted over, or else is yet to come—into the dream house that he has been constructing for the past five years near Pollock's old studio at The Springs on the tip of Long Island.

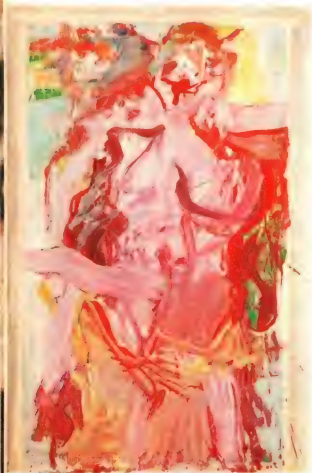
**Agape Anatomy.** De Kooning's trial-and-error approach to building has so far cost him, by his neighbors' estimate, upwards of \$150,000, and he still finds it hard to complete. The askew Y-shaped plan, butterfly roofline and fleshy colors inside echo his predilections in paint. The rhomboid, glass-sided studio reminds him of a loft; his large professional kitchen reminds him of the cafeterias that he ate in most of his life. "Sometimes I think I'm nuts to have started this house," he says. "I'll die before it's finished, maybe. But I like it. Why not?"

De Kooning's house is a tangible way to re-create familiarity around himself. Limited by his own reticence and the lack of a driver's license (like a good Hollander, he hikes everywhere), he has cropped the borders of his world down to introspection. Into that personal space, De Kooning's women intrude like evanescent Eves. He calls them "cousins" of billboard bunnies and film frailts, but they also will remind him of a girl who passed by in the street. Where his women of the 1950s were jangling, somber mammas, his new women are harem-scarum voluptuaries, awelter with rouge and agape anatomy. As "action" paintings, they are products of De Kooning's encounter with the sensuous nature of oils. As forms careworn within the bear-hug space of the painter, they seem to be violent valentines, icons to love's agony.



LEUTZE'S "WASHINGTON RALLYING THE TROOPS AT MONMOUTH"  
Click! The hoofs are halted, the carnage stilled.

## DE KOONING'S NEW WOMEN



ROUGE-RICH cuties mark 1964 return to recurrent theme of women by the living dean of abstract expressionism. Executed in oils on vellum paper (*above*) or on flush wood doors (*right*), his sensuous nudes appear as splayed-out carnal figures who proffer puckery lips and terrible, toothy grins, seem half cosmetic daydreams, half the innocent slather of finger painting.

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PEANUTS & PEDIATRICS

No place for aunts.

## INFECTIOUS DISEASES

### Dangerous Babies

If a woman gets German measles (rubella) in the first three months of pregnancy, or even during the four weeks before conception, there is grave danger that her baby will be born with severe cataracts, mental retardation or heart defects, or a combination of these handicaps. That much has been clear for years. But now German measles has been disclosed as an even more insidiouscrippler than anyone had thought possible.

Eight nurses and a doctor at New York University Hospital contracted rubella last fall, and some of them passed on the infection to roommates, family and friends. The nurses and the doctor had all been caring for babies who were malformed because their mothers had had rubella. But the mothers had been sick from six to eight months earlier. Surely the babies could not still be carrying the virus? As a matter of fact they were, Dr. Louis Z. Cooper told the New York Academy of Medicine. Worse, they were shedding it and spreading it all around them—in at least one case as long as nine months after birth, and therefore 15 months or longer after the original infection.

The danger may be greater if a baby escapes obvious malformation from German measles even though his mother had the disease during pregnancy. If the baby appears normal and goes home from the hospital promptly, it is more likely that aunts and other relatives, along with the mother's friends in the childbearing age range, will drop in to coo over him. If any of them have not had German measles and happen to be at the beginning of pregnancy, a long-forgotten infection might start a whole new dangerous cycle.

## DRUGS

### Licorice & Ulcers

For a dozen years, Dr. Richard Doll, Britain's most famed physician-statistician, had been testing and comparing a dozen treatments for gastric ulcers (those in the stomach proper). Sadly he had concluded that no drugs helped an ulcer to heal, though peace of mind, bed rest and nonsmoking did some good. Then a drug company offered Dr. Doll something called carbenoxolone, which

is a chemical modification of a substance extracted from licorice.

Licorice extracts have been used since the days of Hippocrates for the relief of indigestion, but Scientist Doll has little faith in old wives' remedies. Still, he could not forget that digitalis, the first useful drug for heart disease, came from an old wives' brew of foxglove, and he remembered that a Dutch pharmacist had made a reputation during World War II selling a licorice concoction for ulcers. Dr. Doll decided that there was no harm in trying.

At London's Central Middlesex Hospital he gave carbenoxolone (Biogastrol) to outpatients who had severe gastric ulcers. When more than two-thirds of them showed substantial healing of their ulcers on their X rays, Dr. Doll was still doubtful. It was all a mistake, he decided, or "a statistical sport." He spent more wearisome months repeating the test on another batch of patients—and he got the same results. There was, he concluded, something to licorice extract after all.

Dr. Doll's research showed that carbenoxolone has no effect on the more common duodenal ulcers, and it has some unwanted side effects on gastric ulcer patients: about 20% suffered from water retention, and others suffered from a rise in blood pressure. Both groups needed a second drug to control these symptoms. If a gastric "ulcer" patient gets no benefit from the licorice medicine, says Dr. Doll, this may be a desirable early warning that he should have surgery.

## SURGERY

### Practice Makes Perfect

*If I miss a day of practice, I can tell a difference in my technique. If I miss two days, my wife can also note it. If I miss a week, even the patient will.*

—Ignace Jan Paderewski

The effects of practice and lack of practice are equally apparent among surgeons who operate inside the human heart, say Dr. Ben Eiseman and Dr. Frank C. Spencer of the University of Kentucky. In routine operations standardized by tradition, they say in *Circulation* (published by the American Heart Association), there is a "ritual of

technique" so familiar that "even the occasional surgeon can dabble as an amateur with some safety for his patient." Not so in open-heart surgery.

A study done under the guidance of Johns Hopkins' famed Pediatrician Helen B. Taussig, report the Kentucky doctors, showed that no fewer than 127 (out of 7,000) U.S. hospitals claimed in 1961 to have all the facilities—including a heart-lung machine—for doing open-heart surgery. In that year, 37 of the hospitals reported that their equipment had never been used; not a single open-heart operation. In 97 hospitals where there had been operations, the total was fewer than ten; in 117 there had been from ten to 50. In only 56 medical centers were open-heart surgeons operating often enough to fulfill Paderewski's call for an absolute minimum of weekly practice. The results can be read in the death rate. One of the greatest U.S. surgeons, who operates at least once a week and on many of the world's toughest cases, has a death rate below 5%. Twelve surgeons who were technically qualified but lacked practice had a 30% death rate with less difficult cases, and one of this group lost every patient.

Far simpler than open-heart surgery is closure of a patent ductus arteriosus, the shunt that connects the aorta with the pulmonary artery in unborn infants. Normally, the duct closes automatically soon after birth. When it does not, the situation can be remedied either by tying the vessel shut or by cutting it and closing the ends. In major medical centers, mortality from these operations is near zero. But 777 hospitals offer to do them, and 232 hospitals have admitted a death rate of 3.6% from the first type of operation and 9.6% from the second.

Not only does delicate and dangerous surgery inside and around the heart, especially in infants, demand exquisite skill in the chief surgeon; he must have equally skilled helpers, and they all need as much practice as he does. "Open-heart surgery," say Dr. Eiseman and Dr. Spencer, "unfortunately has a totally undeserved role as a professional status symbol." It is no field, they add, "for those who follow the fads." In recognition of the problem, cardiologists in smaller cities are beginning to refer more of their patients to the busy surgeons in the big centers.



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## THE THEATER

### Quick, Watson, the Fix

*Baker Street* is one up on Professor Moriarty—it kills Sherlock Holmes.

This Holmes is a kind of boy's man whose greatest joy is tinkering with his chemistry set. In musical terms, he is a drab, antiseptic, kissproof cousin of Henry Higgins. He has his brain on his brain, and he incessantly makes love to it in Fritz Weaver's croaking brand of talkee-singee—"just a loaf of bread and a cryptogram, this were paradise enow."

Enow is what the show conspicuously lacks. It certainly does not have enow dancing or enow music. The *Baker Street* Irregulars test the floorboards occasionally and the boards hold. Three ballet boys garrote one of Holmes's trusty lieutenants in an artily choreo-

At one point in the evening, the not-so-strangely dispirited Sherlock Holmes reaches for his hypodermic needle. Unfortunately, someone chooses that moment to burst into Holmes's flat, and *Baker Street* never does get its fix.

### Blessed Are the Real

*All in Good Time*, by Bill Naughton. People are a vanishing breed in the theater. Playwrights seem to know all about clinical freaks, but little of human beings. England's Bill Naughton is a cheering exception. *All in Good Time* makes a tenderly perceptive human comedy out of a single obvious and quaint-sounding joke, the inability of a pair of young English provincial newlyweds to consummate their marriage.

The bridegroom (Brian Murray) is an intellectually bemused boy with Bee-



QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE PARADE IN "BAKER STREET"  
*Where there's smoke, there's fog.*

graphed frenzy of mincing violence. From time to time, the orchestra strikes up, but scarcely tunes. Where there's smoke, there's fog, and that is where most of the London atmosphere comes from, except for a rooftop view of the Diamond Jubilee Parade through Trafalgar Square, with tiny Grenadier Guard puppets and the Queen's jeweled coach crossing a slanted backdrop that for one enchanting moment truly fools the eye with a child's dream of pomp.

*Baker Street* puts Holmes in bogusly dangerous plights as he foils Professor Moriarty's plot to steal the Queen's Jubilee jewels, but it is never spoofy enough to raise a howl or scary enough to raise a hackle. The real danger is an American actress (Inga Swenson), who spurs Holmes's love disinterest. Actress Swenson is so cool that icicles wouldn't melt in her mouth, though words do—it is difficult to know whether she is reading her lines or learning them. Martin Gabel is sepulchraly menacing as Moriarty, but he has a walk-on, duck-off part.

thoven in his inner ear and a blue-collar father around his neck. Father (Donald Wolfitt) is a deliciously unimpaired specimen of Cro-Magnon man who recalls that his father "always said that if a thing was natural, you'd see animals doing it. I've yet to see a horse reading a book."

An iron curtain separates father from son, but only a matchstick partition divides their bedrooms, and that proves woefully inhibiting. Without any psychoanalytical jargonmongering, Naughton shows how every wedding bed contains six people. The tragicomic past of the two sets of parents is part of the couple's current plight.

In a comic wonder of a cast, Marjorie Rhodes, as the bridegroom's mother, is the standout, batting out a caustic aside with a batted eyelash. If Father Wolfitt is the cakes and ale of the play, Mother Rhodes is its gin and bitters. But the entire evening belongs to blessedly real people who are not crammed with half-baked oddities but full of bread-fed humanity.

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## SPORT



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### TRACK & FIELD

#### With a Quarter Inch Between

After two months on the banquet circuit, last year's Olympians have been having their troubles in this winter's big indoor track meets. Nobody has even cracked 4 min. for the mile, and the fans are getting to be girl watchers. Rumania's leggy Yolanda Balas high-jumped a record 5 ft. 11 1/2 in. in Los Angeles, and Britain's tidy Mary Rand broke the broad-jump record twice in one week, an event now discreetly referred to as the "ladies' long jump." But there are a couple of male athletes who are creating some excitement. Russia's Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, 26, and the U.S.'s Ralph Boston, 25, are the two best broad jumpers in the world, and they could hardly be better matched.

Both are graduate students (Boston in biochemistry, Ter-Ovanesyan in physiology), and both are world record holders. Boston owns the outdoor mark of 27 ft. 4 1/2 in.; Ter-Ovanesyan holds the indoor record of 26 ft. 10 in. Outdoors, Boston has beaten Ter-Ovanesyan five straight times, but going into this winter, the Russian had the edge indoors, 3-2.

The rivalry is as friendly as it is fierce. Two weeks ago, when they met at the Los Angeles Times Indoor Games, Ralph was wearing a Russian beanie, a souvenir from last summer's U.S.-Russia track meet. "It's my good-luck piece," he explained, and he needed it. On his first jump, Boston soared 26 ft. Ter-Ovanesyan quickly topped that with a leap of 26 ft. 3 in. Then, in the final round, Boston uncorked a floating leap of 26 ft. 4 1/2 in. to go out

in front once again. The Russian gave it a last desperate try, and the crowd held its breath while judges painstakingly measured Ter-Ovanesyan's heel marks. Good. But not quite good enough: 26 ft. 4 1/2 in.

Then off they flew to Manhattan for the National A.A.U. championships in Madison Square Garden. Two years ago, Boston had lost his country's A.A.U. title to Ter-Ovanesyan, and last week he yearned to avenge the defeat. After four jumps, Boston was in the lead at 26 ft. 21 in.; the best Ter-Ovanesyan was able to manage was 26 ft. 1 in. The Russian shook his head, walked over to talk to High Jumper Valery Brumel. Somehow that seemed to give him strength, and he stalked back to the runway. Hands dangling, he began his run, slowly at first, then faster and faster. Slamming his left foot into the takeoff board, he shot forward, legs flailing. The red flag stayed down: fair jump. The measurement: 26 ft. 21 in.—exactly equaling Boston's best.

The judges declared Ter-Ovanesyan the winner because his second-best jump was better than Boston's. After two meets, each of the old rivals had won once—and the total margin between them was a quarter of an inch.

### AUTO RACING

#### Back to the Stocks

Speed sells cars. So says the gospel, according to Ford and Chrysler. (General Motors takes a different road to the bank.) Last year Ford laid out \$5,000 per car souping up its racing engines, only to lose the "stock car" championship to Chrysler, which installed

custom-built, \$12,000 "hemispherical-head" engines in its Plymouths. That was too heady for Bill France, owner of Florida's Daytona International Speedway and president of NASCAR, who has the funny idea that somebody besides a factory ought to be able to compete in the contest. He banned the "hemi-head"—which put Chrysler in such a huff that it refused to race at all at this year's Daytona Speed Weeks. "France made stock-car racing," groused a Chrysler mechanic. "Now he'll kill it."

At the races last week, Ford monopolized the entries, as everybody expected, and speeds were a few m.p.h. slower. Did that kill the excitement? Hardly. In a 100-mile qualifying race, Florida's Rod Eulenfeld blew an engine going into the east turn at 160 m.p.h. His 1963 Ford caromed off the retaining wall, skidded 200 yds. on its top and burst into flames. Before anyone could bat an eye, the track was covered with slewing, sliding cars, piling into each other. Eleven were more or less reduced to junk, but, incredibly, nobody was seriously injured.

**Move Over, Cousin.** And how about the competition? There were the 1965 factory Fords, breezing cockily around the 2 1/2-mile oval, confident of sweeping everything in sight. Zoom! Past them flashed two 1964 Mercurys, privately entered cousins belonging to Bud Moore, a taciturn garage owner from Spartanburg, S.C. In the time trials, Darel Dieringer clocked 166.66 m.p.h. in a Ford-powered Mercury to win the pole position for the start of the 500. Somehow, Moore was getting more out of his power plants than the factory experts who built them in the first place.

By the time the 500 was 20 laps old, 13 of 43 cars were out of the race with shattered engines, blown tires and assorted malfunctions. Dieringer's Mercury hit a piece of metal and shredded a tire. When he got rolling on all four again, the fight was between Marvin Panch and Fred Lorenzen, both driving new Fords.

**Smack at 165 m.p.h.** On the 127th lap, the two cars snarled full bore around the west turn, with Panch "drafting" Lorenzen, tucked into his slipstream only inches behind, "I had just about 6 ft. between me and the wall," Lorenzen said later. "All of a sudden, we ran into hard rain; Panch started around me on the outside, and we really connected. My right front fender smacked the wall. Then my right rear smacked the wall and straightened me out. Good thing too. I was doing about 165 m.p.h."

Panch spun onto the grass, and all the way back to sixth place. Dieringer shot into second. But the rain was blinding, and worried officials flashed the yellow caution light—no passing. Then the red light was on. After 332.5 of the scheduled 500 miles, the race was over. Lorenzen was the winner over



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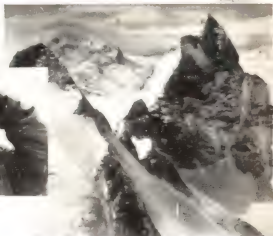
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ITALY'S BONATTI



NORTH FACE OF THE MATTERHORN

*New and painful ways up old, familiar hills.*

Dieringer's Mercury. In third place was another factory Ford; in fourth, another Moore Mercury. Ford officials breathed a sigh of relief—until the next race.

## MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

### Three Days on a Rope

As mountains go, Switzerland's 14,701-ft. Matterhorn is not much of a challenge any more. Robert McNamara climbed it, after all, and it is the sort of hill that Stewart Udall would probably try to run up. So many people (1,000 a year) have made the trip since Britain's Edward Whymper first succeeded in 1865 that the popular climbing routes are covered with pitons and footholds as easy to negotiate as a flight of steps. So easy, in fact, that a whimsical Englishman once won a bet that he could reach the summit without ever touching the mountain; he simply hired four guides and had them carry him to the top.

Imagine the surprise, then, of villagers in the base town of Zermatt when none other than Italy's Walter Bonatti turned up last week to try a Matterhorn ascent. Bonatti, 34, is one of the best-known mountain climbers in the world—the handsome, brooding hero of a dramatic rescue on France's Mont Blanc, the youngest member of the triumphant Himalayan expedition up K<sup>2</sup> in 1954, the fellow who in 1955 spent six days and five nights alone clawing his way up sheer rock and ice to become the only man ever to conquer Mont Blanc's Aiguille du Dru singlehanded.

**A Drop of Water.** For Bonatti, the trick now is to find new ways to climb the familiar old hills. And he had a really novel idea for the Matterhorn: a "direttissima" assault, straight up the mountain's ice-coated, practically vertical north wall, a climb that had been tried (without success) only once before—in the summer. It was, shuddered a Swiss guide, "the route that a drop of water would follow."

With two friends, Gigi Panei, 50, and Alberto Tassotti, 47, Bonatti took two days to reach the shelter at Hörnli Ridge, 10,500 ft. up, paused briefly to rest, and began to attack the 3,550-ft cliff of the north wall. Going up hand over hand on nylon ropes, they climbed only 420 ft. on the first day. The next day was almost as tough: 550 ft. Both nights they slept suspended in midair on ropes anchored to pitons, with sleeping bags pulled up to their shoulders and nylon tents over their heads to protect them from the bitter wind.

**Cocoons on the Cliff.** On the third day, the pilot of a search plane circled over their heads but failed to spot them—three tiny human spiders, inching their way up the mountain. As soon as the plane banked away, clouds swept in. At 3 a.m. it began snowing, and 60-m.p.h. gusts lashed at the climbers, clinging like cocoons to the cliff in their sleeping bags. One gust ripped the tent off Bonatti's head, and tiny slivers of ice, sharp as thumbtacks, dug at his eyes. "I found myself at 13,000 feet in a terrible position," Bonatti said later. His face was rimmed with ice, and he was in excruciating pain. "But we all three had to remain absolutely immobile, because the slightest movement could have been fatal."

Bonatti decided to abandon the ascent. At 10:30 a.m., the three men started down—their task made all the trickier because the surface of the rock was covered with fresh ice. Finally, at 6 p.m. they reached the base of the vertical wall and collapsed, exhausted, on a narrow ledge—the first horizontal surface they had seen in five days. They had not eaten or drunk in 72 hours, and when they staggered back into Zermatt after seven days on the Matterhorn, they discovered that newspapers had already given them up for dead. Dead? Next day Bonatti went skiing for exercise, and two days later he was back on the mountain, attacking the north wall again—this time by himself. Said Bonatti: "I'm on a war footing now."



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TIME, FEBRUARY 26, 1965

# U.S. BUSINESS

## THE ECONOMY

### The President's Partnership

Caravans of Cadillacs glided up to the East Wing of the White House last week and disgorged the biggest businessmen in the U.S. While many of the nation's board rooms stood deserted, the tycoons assembled to see the most important chief executive officer of them all, U.S. Steel's Roger Blough and General Motors' Frederic Donner were there; so were Du Pont's Lamont Cope-land, IBM's Thomas Watson, General



ROGER BLOUGH & FRIEND

*A plea for enlightened self-interest.*

Electric's Fred Borch—and 330 other chiefs of banks and corporations. Lyndon Johnson had invited them to a 90-minute session behind closed doors in order to sell them his "voluntary" plan for ending the nation's seven straight years of international payments deficits. There had never before been a gathering quite like it.

Blending corn with cajolery, the President urged them to "join hands with your Government in a voluntary partnership." Appealing to their "progressive enlightened self-interest," he urged them to make "tougher" decisions to "postpone, to redirect or to refinance activities in the developed world." Said the President: "I want you to go back to your offices and call to your desk your financial men and your economists and your comptrollers and your vice presidents, and I would hope that you would ask them in a reasonable way to consult with you every time they face a decision that involves spending money abroad."

**Skeptics.** Where to cut foreign spending—and by how much? The President did not answer those questions either in his White House presentation or in

a speech that he gave the previous day to a meeting of the National Industrial Conference Board; he left the hard details to his subalterns. Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin took the bankers into a separate meeting, where they were advised that their foreign loans, which last year jumped 25% to \$10 billion, should rise no more than 5% this year. Meanwhile, the corporate chiefs went to a session with Commerce Secretary John Connor, were told that each company would be expected to improve its own balance of payments by 15% to 20%—either by expanding its exports, bringing back more of its foreign profits or cutting its foreign spending. Connor expects the businessmen to inform him well in advance of any foreign investments of \$10 million or more, and to report to him personally every three months what they are doing to improve their payments balances. He also urged businessmen to patronize U.S.-flag airlines and shipping lines instead of their foreign competitors, and to raise money for overseas branches by selling stock to foreign citizens.

Precisely because the program is vague and voluntary, its success will depend primarily upon how businessmen react to it. Such industrialists as G.M.'s Donner and RCA's David Sarnoff pointed out that their companies already have favorable trade balances, thus implying that the President could expect little more from them. A number of bankers echoed the criticism made by European financial leaders that Johnson had attacked the symptoms rather than the basic causes of the deficit. They pointed out that, in a rush to beat the voluntary controls, U.S. banks have probably already exceeded 1965's proposed limit of \$500 million in new foreign loans. Other businessmen viewed the investment restrictions as barriers to the worldwide movement toward freer trade and freer exchange of capital.

**Supporters.** The majority of business leaders, however, seemed to believe that they could live with the program. "There is a good chance that the approach will work reasonably well," said the monthly letter of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. Henry Ford II announced that his company will finance all of its expansion in Europe and Canada "through funds generated outside the U.S." Faced with the prospect of mandatory controls if this program fails, most U.S. businessmen abroad will probably borrow more from foreign bankers and transfer more of their foreign profits to the U.S. That will make for costlier operations and slower expansion overseas. It will also, by Government reckoning, cut the U.S. payments deficit from \$3 billion last year to well under \$2 billion this year—and to \$500 million soon after.

## MONEY

### Silver Cloud

While U.S. gold is leaving Fort Knox in uncomfortable quantities—and dominating the economic news—another precious metal is rapidly draining out of the federal vaults at West Point, N.Y. The national silver hoard declined by 23% last year, and a conspicuous symptom that the trouble is continuing is the nagging shortage of U.S. coins. Last week the U.S. Treasury told a congressional subcommittee, which is brooding



SUNSHINE MINE IN IDAHO

*An echo of the Cross of Gold.*

over ways to ease the shortage, that the Government may well have to alter the 90% silver content of dimes, quarters and halves. This has led powerful business groups into the greatest debate over silver since William Jennings Bryan cried out for the silver interests in his 1896 "Cross of Gold" peroration.

**Pinch & Price.** The shortage is acute simply because silver has become an increasingly important commodity. It is in rising demand in industry for use in making silverware, jewelry, missile parts and, most important, silver halide camera film. At the same time, the fast growth of retail trade, notably in the \$3.5 billion-a-year vending machine industry, has brought an unprecedented demand for coins. U.S. mints have tripled their output since 1962, but they cannot meet demand. Everybody feels the pinch: Las Vegas gambling operators have reluctantly substituted plastic chips for shining stacks of silver dollars; bankers in several cities swap dollar bills for 98¢ in coins; and the Federal Reserve reported last week that retailers are buying coins from big-time hoarders at black-market prices.

The value of silver has a lot to do

with the shortage. The U.S. has fixed silver at \$1.29 an ounce—the same price that Alexander Hamilton set for it in 1792—but miners complain that the sum is too low to pay for the slow, costly process of digging and refining it. Because of this economic disparity, the U.S. has only four important silver mines in operation, gets most of its supply as a byproduct of other metals. Last year the U.S. mined only one-ninth as much as the 323 million ounces of silver that it consumed, made up the difference by dipping into the Treasury's huge but rapidly dwindling hoard, which now stands at 1.2 billion ounces.

**Miners v. Users.** The American Mining Congress, backed by the potent Western "mining bloc" in the U.S. Congress, is lobbying hard to retain silver coinage. But to ease the shortage, it recommends a reduction in the silver content from 90% to about 33%: that would keep the Government in the market as a big buyer and at least prevent the price from going any lower. On the other side are the silver users, backed by Congressmen from the industrial East. They are urging the U.S. to eliminate silver completely from new coins and melt down its old coins; they figure that such a move would not only end the shortage but reduce prices by putting the Government out of the silver market.

In the middle of this argument stands the vending machine industry, which announced last week that it favors any coins that could duplicate the electrical and magnetic qualities of silver. Vending machines and juke boxes have tiny devices that use magnetism and electricity to separate legitimate U.S. coins from clever metal slugs or foreign coins—and re-engineering those devices would cost \$100 million or more. A decision is due to be made by the Treasury in April. What will it be? Said Assistant to the Treasury Secretary Robert A. Wallace last week: "We'll have to lower the silver content of all coins, or go to some other alloy."

## MANAGEMENT

### A Change at Jersey

Like an increasing number of U.S. firms, Jersey Standard, the world's largest oil company and the third biggest U.S. corporation (after General Motors and A.T. & T.), has an inflexible retirement policy: from charlatans to chairman, its 147,000 employees must leave at 65. Last week, as he reached that age, Chairman Monroe Jackson Rathbone announced both his departure and his successor. While Founder John D. Rockefeller looked down from the wall of Jersey Standard's oak-lined boardroom in Rockefeller Center, President Michael L. Haider (rhymes with wider), 60, for the first time tested the huge leather chair of the chairman and chief executive. As expected, chair and chairman seemed to fit each other nicely.

**Rough to Smooth.** Haider will head a company ten times bigger than the "octopus" that the Supreme Court forced

John D. to break up in 1911. Jersey Standard has 200 affiliate companies in 100 nations; produces one of every six barrels of world oil. Humble Oil, its biggest affiliate and the source of 40% of Jersey's profits, produces 8% of all U.S. crude oil and natural gas, sells 13% of the nation's petroleum products. Jersey last year earned a record \$1.1 billion on its sales of \$12 billion; this year it anticipates a 4% increase.

Cherub-faced Mike Haider is an oilman of a different stripe than his predecessor. Rathbone came up as a refinery man, was a tough administrator. "If you ask if I like to leave," he growled last week, "the answer is 'Hell, no.'" Softer-spoken North Dakotan Haider,



JERSEY STANDARD'S HAIDER  
Chair and chairman fit nicely.

a Stanford graduate ('27) in chemical engineering, is a research and exploration expert; among other Jersey jobs, he brought in Imperial Oil's Leduc No. 1 in Alberta, the find that started western Canada's oil boom in 1947. Despite their different backgrounds, Haider (whose salary will soon match Rathbone's \$293,000) will run giant Jersey in much the same fashion as Rathbone. His chief responsibility will be chairing the daily executive committee meetings and weekly gatherings of the tight-lipped, 15-man inside board and shaping broad policy, while Jersey's new president, John Kenneth Jamieson, 54, oversees day-to-day operations.

**Dry & Wet.** In a global company, the policy problems can be considerable. Despite a continuing oil glut, Jersey is energetically prospecting for more oil against the day a decade from now when world demand approaches supply. Haider must decide on commitments in the North Sea, where the search looks good, and in Australia, where so far it has been poor. He faces major decisions on marketing policy for such areas as Japan and Europe, where demand for oil—as well as competition—is skyrocketing with industrialization.

He must also negotiate with emerging

nations seeking control of oil resources and producing nations demanding higher royalties. Jersey's size also makes it a prime antitrust target. Last week Rathbone himself appeared in court to defend the purchase of the Potash Co. of America for its fertilizer facilities, and Humble announced that, since it has been barred by the Justice Department from acquiring Tidewater Oil's \$329 million West Coast marketing network, it will build its own California refinery.

Away from work, Haider will relieve his mind of such problems by enlarging his collection of geological specimens and primitive pottery. He also enjoys dry, dry martinis and salt water. An enthusiastic yachtsman, he and his wife Alice are trading up to a 38-footer in which they will cruise during the summer between Manhattan and Cape Cod, where they like to settle down at Chatham Bars Inn, their favorite holiday spot. Naturally, Haider's new boat is gasoline-powered. It would hardly do for the chairman of the world's largest oil company to travel under sail.

## OIL

### Prize Union

For more than a year, Chicago's Pure Oil Co. has been much like the princess of a Norwegian fairy tale: sitting on top of a hill of glass, she watched as a host of suitors tried to negotiate the slippery slope to win her hand. Pure would welcome a corporate marriage, all right; although its sales in the past ten years have risen 64%, to \$630 million, gas wars and short supplies of Pure-produced crude have cut earnings to a disappointingly steady \$30 million. Plenty of wooers have tried the hill but slipped on Pure's fussy terms: Atlantic Refining, Petrofina, Hercules Powder, a syndicate comprised of Loeb, Rhoades, Allied Chemical and Consolidation Coal, and a group that includes DuPont family members. Last week someone finally seemed to be reaching the hilltop. Pure's board voted to carry on merger negotiations with California's Union Oil Co.

Pure found Union's proposal the most attractive of all. Union suggested an exchange of stock rather than outright purchase; the move would free Pure's 48,000 stockholders—among them, the unsuccessful Loeb, Rhoades—from paying capital-gains taxes on a sale. Unlike Atlantic, which also offered a stock swap, Union appears willing to retain Pure as a separate division with its old brand names and management.

The merger would be a marriage of convenience. Union has ample crude oil to supply Pure's outlets in 24 Mid-west and Southern states. The deal would also broaden Union's marketing outside of the highly competitive West Coast area. One important Union stockholder, however, is not impressed. Shipping Magnate Daniel K. Ludwig, who in 1963 bought 14% of Union stock as a long-term investment, argued that the merger would dilute stock values. He





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prepared to sell his 4,100,000 shares back to the company for \$146 million. The sale will be the largest single private stock transaction since Ford family stock in Ford Motors was sold in 1956, and will leave Ludwig with pretax profits of \$45 million.

### Wealth for a Riviera

California, that land of anomalies, imports 36% of its crude oil while the continent's largest proven reservoir of untapped oil sits untouched under the harbor and waterfront of Long Beach. The size of this pool—1.2 billion bbl.—has been certain for four years, but Long Beach ordinances forbade drilling inside the city and the city fathers disagreed with the state over the division of royalties. Finally, last fall, the drilling laws were relaxed and a split finally agreed on: 85% for California, 15% for Long Beach.

Last week oilmen jammed into the Long Beach city council chambers to bid for the right to tap the pool. So desperate are West Coast oil companies for local crude that the bids, which were expected to offer 90% of net profits as royalty, averaged out to 96.25% on the six sections of the field. Over the next 35 years Long Beach and California will slice up \$1.4 billion.

The largest contract, for 80% of the field, went to a syndicate made up of Humble, Shell, Mobil, Texaco and Union Oil, which will pay a 95.56% royalty. Paulley Petroleum got 10% with a bid of 98.277%, and Richfield and Standard of California together scooped off the remaining 10%, including one sector on which they will turn back an unprecedented 100%. The oil companies, which normally pay royalties that range around 50% on the crude that they pump from the ground, will make the money to offset the high royalty payments through profits on the sale of refined products. They will also retrieve

development costs before paying the royalties and, since many of their refineries are practically within sight of the field, save on transportation.

Before drilling begins in midsummer, the companies must also negotiate with 10,000 Long Beach property owners, who will share another \$120 million on the sale of their property. Long Beach, for its part, will use the money to achieve its dream of becoming "The Riviera of the West." Drilling equipment, under the contracts, must be buried under the surface of four man-made islands in the harbor, and pipelines must be concealed. Under state law, the city must use its royalties to improve a six-mile beachfront on which high-rise luxury apartments, marinas and a convention hall are already built. With oil wealth rolling in, the western Riviera will not even need a gambling casino to ensure its prosperity.

### BANKING

#### Southern Money for Southerners

The South's economic resurgence has been financed largely by money from the North, but that situation is gradually changing. Among the strongest challenges to the North's dominance of Southern finance is an institution revered by Southerners but little known to most other Americans: North Carolina's Wachovia Bank & Trust. Situated in the South's most highly industrialized state, Wachovia (pronounced Wah-koh-via) is the highest bank between Philadelphia and Dallas, serves 37 of the nation's 50 major corporations. Though still fairly small by Northern standards—it ranks 38th among all U.S. banks—Wachovia has just passed \$1 billion in assets. To symbolize its rising prominence, it will soon move into the Southeast's tallest building, a new, 30-story headquarters in Winston-Salem.

There is plenty of business ahead for

Wachovia. Next to the Far West, the Southeast has the nation's fastest-growing economy, carried forward on a fresh wave of industry that is sweeping aside plantations and piney woods. Agriculture, long predominant, now accounts for only 10% of the region's income, and Southern industry last year provided 75,000 new jobs, 25% of all the new factory jobs in the U.S. Personal income in the Southeast has climbed 25% in the past four years, last year rose 7.7% v. 6% for the entire U.S.

**Smokies to Sea.** Wachovia and the Southeast have prospered together. The bank was founded in 1879 by descendants of the Moravian settlers, who named the Upper Piedmont section of the state Wachau after a pretty valley in Austria. Wachovia was a relatively quiet little bank until about ten years ago. Then, convinced that the South was headed for tremendous growth, its management speeded up the bank's expansion and made an all-out bid for the business of big corporations.

Wachovia began to grow like Southern pine. It has since acquired twelve smaller banks through mergers, opened up 66 more branches (including four trailer-banks at new shopping centers), doubled its deposits and tripled its operating income. Today it has 89 branches in 31 North Carolina towns and cities from the Smokies to the sea. Last year Wachovia's earnings rose 18%, almost twice the national average for banks, to \$8,900,000. Wachovia serves as banker to the tobacco industry, but it also does business as varied as \$1,000,000 loans to textile manufacturers and \$100 loans to farmers.

Wachovia is directed by President John F. Watlington Jr., 53, the bank's chief operating officer and "inside" man, and Archie K. Davis, 54, its gregarious chairman, who handles the vital outside contacts. Both worked their way up from clerks, and both have a single goal: to finance as much Southern growth as possible with Southern money. Wachovia has the fastest-growing mortgage department and the largest auto-loan operations in the South. It keeps 20 officials on the road to promote business opportunities in North Carolina, has a top official in each branch whose job is to lure new industry. "Our future is dependent on this state and this area," says Watlington, "so it behooves us to build up."

**No More Shuffle.** Wachovia's success in hankrolling Southern industry has stepped up competition from New York and Boston bankers, but the bank's assets are now so considerable that Wachovia can meet practically any financing need. R. J. Reynolds officials used to shuttle to New York once a week on financing missions, but such trips are seldom necessary nowadays; they go to Wachovia. The bank's officials know their region well, and their formula for success is to stick to it. One bank officer recently had a crack at a multimillion-dollar piece of business in New York. He turned it down: too far north.

## “ME!”



\*plus tax

[illegible]

# WORLD BUSINESS



LORD CROMER  
A reckoning postponed.

## BRITAIN

### Protector of the Pound

The Governor of the Bank of England is both the country's fiscal conscience and one of the most important subjects in the realm. So powerful can the post be that one governor, Montagu Norman, almost singlehandedly brought down the Labor government in 1931 by publicly criticizing its extravagant policies. Since then, little love has been lost between Labor's leaders and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. Last week the bank's current governor, George Rowland Stanley Baring, the third Earl of Cromer, stirred Britain and shocked Labor with the sternest public lecture on economy yet issued by a public servant under the Wilson government. The tough talk showed the considerable extent to which British politics are being influenced by the country's bankers.

A day of reckoning is at hand, Lord Cromer told a gathering of Scottish bankers in Edinburgh. The \$3 billion international rescue that saved the British pound last November "no more guarantees our future than Dunkirk presaged swift victory in 1940." If the government is to prevent hardship for every British family, he said, it must quickly and decisively put its house in order by boosting productivity and cutting back on its spending schemes. Said he: "I only hope we face up to this need whilst there is still time."

The King & J. P. Morgan. Lord Cromer thus stepped right into a behind-scenes Cabinet hassle over what kind of budget the government should present to Commons in April. Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan reportedly wants to temper spending with a basically deflationary budget, is willing to risk a rise in unem-

ployment; Economics Minister George Brown argues that Britain must proceed with wage rises and welfare spending. For candidly coming out on the side of Callaghan, Lord Cromer earned criticism from both left and right. The Laborite New Statesman lashed him for "calculated political intervention," and the Financial Times faulted him for daring to make "a public challenge that no government can be expected to tolerate." By prescribing a belt-tightening diet, he nonetheless voiced the strongly held opinion of London's City and foreign central bankers.

Few bankers are better connected or more respected than this distinctly unstuffy and independent lord, who, at 46, is known in London's clubby society circles as "Rowlie." He is the heir to the Baring banking fortune, a grandson of the late King George V, and son-in-law of Lord Rothermere the press lord. He has all the marks of aristocracy: Eton, Cambridge (he dropped out after a year), wartime service in the Grenadier Guards, and a postwar stint with J. P. Morgan & Co. in Manhattan before he became managing director of the family bank in 1947. Sent to Washington in 1959 as Britain's chief economic representative to the U.S., Lord Cromer won a reputation for entertaining well and reporting incisively. In 1960 Harold Macmillan appointed him as the youngest governor of the Bank of England in two centuries. Soon after he took office, he stirred a tempest by publicly criticizing the Tory government for spending too heavily.

**Wary Wilson.** The fact that the Continent's orthodox money men regard Cromer as their champion against the free-spending governments of either party is money in the bank for Britain. It was Cromer who acted for Britain in persuading world bankers to ante up the crucial \$3 billion overnight last November and to extend that credit for another three months two weeks ago. The outspoken aristocrat often irritates the middle-class socialist who uneasily occupies No. 10 Downing Street; since taking office, Harold Wilson has met with Lord Cromer only once or twice. But the Prime Minister can scarcely afford to ignore the advice of the man whose influence may have to be used again to help Britain out of her monetary troubles.

## JAPAN

### Bumps in a Boom

The Japanese, whose national life is a continual struggle against a niggardly natural environment, put great store in striving to be *Dai Ichi*—No. 1. Thanks to a postwar economic miracle that has been even more spectacular than West Germany's, today's Japan can boast of

more economic superlatives than ever. It built 40% of the free world's merchant ships last year, far more than any other nation. It ranks No. 1 in the manufacture of motorcycles, sewing machines, watches, clocks, transistor radios, cameras and binoculars. For a decade, Japan has enjoyed the fastest growing economy of any major nation.

The trouble is that the Japanese have grown so used to soaring production, profits and incomes that anything less than new superlatives distresses them. Though the country is thriving by almost any broad measure, the Japanese economy is now undergoing a readjustment that its economists have termed *dekoboko*—bumpy. Last week Prime Minister Eisaku Sato declared that the economy "has reached a very delicate stage." Added he: "It is high time that it changed its basic tone from spectacular high growth to a more balanced stable growth."

**Prosps for Stocks.** Japan's national output, which grew at an average rate of 12% a year from 1959 through 1963, last year increased 10%; while that was more than twice the U.S. rate, it felt like stagnation to many a Japanese businessman. Industrial production climbed 17% in 1964, personal income rose 10% and unemployment fell below 1%. Yet retail prices have shot up 24% since 1960, industry has been hampered by overcapacity and lower profits, and some 4,900 businesses failed last year, a postwar record. The whiffiest part of the economy, Tokyo's stock market, has hit a slump so serious that the Japanese government has spent \$889 million propping up prices artificially by buying shares, will put in an-



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other \$389 million before month's end.

The sudden humpiness of the economy has sharply cut spending by both businessmen and consumers. The neon-bright streets of Tokyo's Ginza are as crowded as ever, but the costlier cabarets and hostess-filled bars are starving for expense-account customers. The Mikado, one of Asia's largest nightclubs, closed its doors two weeks ago, a high-priced victim of the economic readjustment. In Tokyo's stores, winter clearance sales are commoner and price cuts more drastic than usual. Laden with inventories that they cannot move, some appliance makers, such as Matsushita, have cut production.

**Quick & Drastic.** What appears to be a recession is largely the result of the government's calculated effort to slow down a dangerously accelerating boom. Lacking almost all natural resources, Japan lives by trade: it is second only to Canada as a market for U.S. goods, sends more of its exports to the U.S. than anywhere else. When prosperity at home rises too quickly, imports rise faster than exports and upset the delicate balance of Japan's economy. In such cases, Japan relies more than any other nation on the power of monetary maneuvers to correct matters. Reason: Japanese big industry is so heavily financed by the nation's big banks—73% of industry's capital is borrowed—that a change in money policy works quickly and drastically.

When the economy began moving too fast some 14 months ago, the Bank of Japan, which exerts a stronger control over money and banking than that held by the U.S. Federal Reserve System, adopted a tight money policy. Tighter money slowed down internal consumption, discouraged industry from expanding and made businessmen push exports to counter the cutback at home. The result is that Japan has rebounded from a trade deficit in 1963 to what is expected to be a substantial surplus in the first quarter of this year. Because business confidence has suffered in the process, the Bank of Japan has begun to ease up, last month shaved its loan rate from 6.57% to 6.2%. Governor Makoto Usami, one of the most powerful influences on the Japanese economy, feels that the rate should soon be cut even more.

**Fragrant Consumers.** Despite such basic ailments as lagging small industry, inefficiently operated small stores and heavily subsidized agriculture, Japan's prosperity is propelled by two national habits that almost guarantee economic growth. Japan puts a quarter of its gross national product into productive investment, and its people have learned how to make a little go a long way. Though industrial wages average a meager \$102 a month and prices in Tokyo are higher than in New York City, the Japanese save 20% of their income. Even so, nine out of every ten families own TV sets, 72% have washing machines, 61%

own refrigerators and half the population own electric stoves.

What comes next? For one thing, autos: Japan trails badly, with only 15 for every 1,000 people v. 361 in the U.S. The country also lacks housing, roads and schools to match its amazing industry. As Japan shifts more money and manpower into such comparatively nonproductive amenities as these, its overall growth rate is expected to slow down still more, just as Prime Minister Sato wants. Government planners are aiming at 8% for this year, a rate at which they hope to control inflation. Even at 8%, the Japanese economy will still be expanding faster than that of any other industrial nation.



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## MERCHANDISING

### The Bond Market

James Bond has broken up some ambitious conspiracies in his time, but none quite so devilishly capable of realization as the one he is involved in right now. As a man of action and the good life, the dashing secret agent created by Ian Fleming has grown so popular, through twelve books and three movies, that entrepreneurs in some 70 countries are moving in to make a profit on his reputation.

From London to Los Angeles, everything from suits and trenchcoats to cuff links and toiletries is going on sale under the James Bond label of 007—the digits that authorize Bond to kill. In Britain, where the Bond market will reach \$14 million this year, promoters have lined up 20 licensed manufacturers for shoes, vodka and golf equipment, are now negotiating with one of London's largest

tailors. In Italy, while philosophers ponder the meaning of Bond as the modern hero, the manufacturers are trying to grab licenses for 007 products.

**Beretta's & Bedsheets.** In one of the greatest promotional drives ever staged, 3,500 stores throughout France will soon pack counters and racks with Bond-inspired goods. Last week Gale-ries Lafayette department store in Paris opened a special Bond Boutique featuring gold-colored mannequins and 007 clothing and jewelry. After a market study found Bond France's top "identification phenomenon" with men 30 to 35 years old, 14 manufacturers obtained licenses to use the 007 label. A Frenchman can put on 007 pajamas and slide in between James Bond bedsheets; he can also buy the woman in his life gold-colored underwear, an 007 negligee or a short Secret Agent Baby Doll nightie.

The U.S. is marked as the biggest target of all. Colgate-Palmolive is test-marketing an 007 line of men's toiletries "that make any man dangerous." In May, Revere Knitting Mills will bring out knit shirts with the numerals 007 embroidered on them. Spatz Bros. of New York is making a new 007 trenchcoat with secret pockets, throws a plastic Beretta into the bargain. Weldon Manufacturing is planning his and hers pajamas with secret pockets, and Harry Diamond Corp. is making 007 suits and sports shirts. Angostura Bitters has begun pushing an 007 drink—gin or vodka with lemon juice, sugar, soda and two dashes of bitters—served, naturally, in a Baccarat highball glass. For younger Bondsmen, Multiple Products plans to market a toy attaché case, complete with a four-piece toy sniper rifle, plastic dagger, decoding machine and a "searchproof" lock that, if tampered with, triggers a cap-firing device. Last week Roulette released a new rock-'n'-roll recording, *Double-O-Seven*, the lament of a young man whose "baby went and fell in love with Double-O-Seven."

**Sharp Eye.** The mastermind of this international conspiracy is Mervyn Brodie, 42, a Briton who wears Savile Row suits in the Bond manner but has a sharper eye than Bond for figures—profit figures. An avid reader of Bond, he got the idea for using him commercially, persuaded the movie producers and the two companies that own the rights to the Fleming books to go along in return for a share of the royalties. Brodie plans to use the Bond image to attract nearly all age groups. He figures that young fans, the six-twelve group (whose sizes are labeled 0031), buy the toys and clothes because of Bond's way with guns and fast cars. The older fans, called the "kiss-kiss" group, are sold by the suave man-of-the-world Bond. So far, Brodie has been too busy to figure out how to exploit *Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang*, Ian Fleming's Bond-like book for children. Give him time.



*Citibank's Lima staff, with some of the children personnel of Lima's Inca Killa fortress.*

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**LOOK AGAIN:** Disagreeing on the color of a banner hung between them, two knights fought viciously. One insisted the banner was gold, the other that it was silver. Oddly, both were right. One side *was* gold, the other silver... Often — though convinced we are right — it pays to look again. And see things from the other fellow's viewpoint.



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TIME, FEBRUARY 26, 1965

## MILESTONES

**Married.** Princess Fadia, 21, youngest daughter of Egypt's ex-king Farouk and his first wife Farida; and Pierre Orloff, 26, Swiss geologist, well-born son of an exiled White Russian; in a civil ceremony at which Farouk was noticeably absent (he wanted Fadia to marry a Moslem, not a Russian Orthodox); in London.

**Married.** Henry Ford II, 47, board chairman of Ford Motor Co.; and Maria Cristina Vettore Austin, 35, stylish blonde Italian divorcee with whom he has been keeping company since separating from his first wife, Anne McDonnell, in 1963 (they divorced last February); in a civil ceremony; at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D.C., after which they immediately flew off to Europe.

**Died.** Joseph Robert Rupley, 24, California Peace Corpsman stationed in Venezuela since last September; of a bullet wound inflicted when trigger-happy Caracas plainclothes policemen mistook him and three fellow corpsmen for Communist terrorists, shot out the tires on their station wagon when they ignored an order to stop, then fired point-blank when the Americans climbed out with their hands up, hitting Rupley in the heart and critically wounding David Glover, 25, of Grosse Ile, Mich., in the stomach.

**Died.** Joan Merriam Smith, 28, daredevil aviatrix who last March set out to retrace the ill-fated Amelia Earhart's 1937 flight plan in hopes of becoming the first woman to solo around the world, despite frozen landing gear, leaky gas tanks, engine trouble and poor weather, touched back down at Oakland, Calif., 27,750 miles and 57 days later—only to have a rival, Jerry Mock, flying a route 4,000 miles shorter, beat her by 25 days; of injuries sustained when the rented Cessna 181 she was flying with a friend crashed near Big Pine, Calif., six weeks after she walked away unscathed from the crash of her own Piper Apache.

**Died.** Nat King Cole, 45, balladeer for a generation of Americans; of lung cancer; in Los Angeles (see SHOW BUSINESS).

**Died.** Lady Lansdowne, 46, California-born wife of the Marquess of Lansdowne, Minister of State for Colonial Affairs in Britain's last Conservative government, an ardent hunter and crack shot who won the 1952 British women's clay-pigeon championship; of self-inflicted shotgun wounds suffered, apparently by accident, in the gun room of their Perthshire, Scotland, estate where her daughter Caroline, 17, died under almost identical circumstances nine years ago.

**Died.** John Hays Hammond, 76, electronics inventor who at the age of 23 set up his Hammond Radio Research Laboratory, over the years collected some 350 patents for inventions ranging from the prototype of the modern vacuum radio tube, bought by RCA for \$500,000 in 1926, to the first radio-guided torpedoes, while pouring his considerable royalties into his Gloucester, Mass., home, a massive Gothic castle complete with moat, drawbridge, and a 10,000-pipe, 100-stop organ (he was no kin to the Hammond organ family); of hepatitis; in Gloucester.

**Died.** Jan Carl Van Panthaleon Bar-on Eck, 84, founder and former president (1923-36) of Shell Union Oil Co., U.S. branch of the vast Royal Dutch Shell complex, a Dutch nobleman's son who in 1911 was sent across the Atlantic to investigate the possibilities for a foreign company in a land already rich in oil, tapped enough Stateside wells and strung enough competitive gas stations across the continent to make Shell a giant of U.S. industry (it now ranks seventh in oil, 15th among all U.S. companies); of lung cancer; in Santa Barbara, Calif.

**Died.** Paul Joseph Sachs, 86, longtime (1917-48) professor of fine arts at Harvard, who in his dual role as associate director of the university's Fogg Museum helped make it one of the country's finest museums (most notably for its collection of European drawings), as well as the No. 1 training ground for aspiring curators (his students have run, among many, Manhattan's Metropolitan, Boston's Fine Arts, Washington's National Gallery), teaching them above all else to upgrade the quality of their museums' art—even if it meant selling the trustees' favorite paintings; in Cambridge, Mass.

**Died.** John Breck Sr., 87, founder and chairman of the biggest U.S. shampoo-maker (15% of the market), a onetime Massachusetts fireman who started mixing chemicals in the early 1900s when his own hair began to thin, built his concoctions into a \$28 million annual business with the help of one of the U.S.'s most distinctive ad campaigns, featuring for the past 25 years portraits of silken-haired blondes, most of whom were his own granddaughters and great-granddaughters; of leukemia; in Springfield, Mass.

**Died.** Billy Bowlegs III, 103, patriarch of Florida's 1,500 surviving Seminole Indians, whose stories of the old warrior days and Everglade hunter's skill (nine deer in a single day) made him both a prime source for historians and a favorite guide for such sportsmen as Henry Ford and Thomas Edison; on the reservation near Brighton, Fla.



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## CINEMA

### Calendar Christ

The Greatest Story Ever Told. "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat," says the Bible (*Matthew 7:13*). The latest to go in thereat is Producer-Director George Stevens (*Shane, The Diary of Anne Frank*), luging along blueprints for this unwieldy magnum opus on the life of Christ, a work begun some five years and \$20 million ago under benign auspices. "In creative association" with Poet Carl Sandburg, Stevens and Co-Author James Lee Barrett begat a script based loosely on Fulton Oursler's best-seller, on the Old and New Testament, and on other writings ancient and modern. His goal, Stevens proclaimed, was to create a definitive biography, "a Biblical classic that has vigor in ideas—with no souped-up spectacles, no sword fights, no bacchanalian orgies."

Stevens has outdone himself by producing an austere Christian epic that offers few excitements of any kind. Its sole distinction lies in its contrast to those ramblingly zealous camp meetings that Cecil B. DeMille used to patch together out of breastplates, flexed muscles and Persian rugs. *Greatest Story* is a lot less vulgar, though audiences are apt to be intimidated by its pretentious solemnity, which amounts to 3 hours and 41 minutes' worth of impeccable boredom. As for vigorous ideas, there are none that would seem new to a beginners' class in Bible study.

The story of Jesus unfolds, midrash, myths, Gospel and all, in a series of stately tableaux, each as literal and conventional as religious calendar art. In the first scene, the three Magi ride toward Bethlehem through a night drenched in blue. Of the miracles performed by Christ, Stevens offers easy-to-picture faith healing rather than such tricky feats as loaves and fishes and water-walking. Then he lets his whole drama turn on the raising of Lazarus from the dead, a much-debated episode that he underscores with the Gloria-in-excess of Handel's *Messiah*. Handel nonetheless seems an improvement over the sepulchral strains of Composer Alfred Newman's background meditations. The Last Supper, prior to the Crucifixion and Resurrection at Jerusalem, ludicrously borrows its table setting from Leonardo da Vinci in order not to disturb the public mind with a single fresh conception.

Swedish Actor Max von Sydow, who has appeared potent in the films of Ingmar Bergman, plays Christ vividly but all in one key. Though Von Sydow's brooding face can turn with El Greco agony, he seems little more than a cool, compassionate waxwork as he strides from Nazareth to Judea, recruiting disciples and saving souls with an unbroken flow of scriptural quotations.

His dialogue rings hollow set against the worldly diatribes of such lay villains as Herod Antipas (José Ferrer) and Pontius Pilate (Telly Savalas). "And he walked on water!" reports an aide. To which Pilate replies: "Get out!"

To give scope to *Story*, Director Stevens filmed it in Hollywood and in Glen Canyon, Utah. And he summoned unto him so many actors great and small that Galilee often seems but a stone's



VON SYDOW IN "GREATEST STORY"  
It isn't.

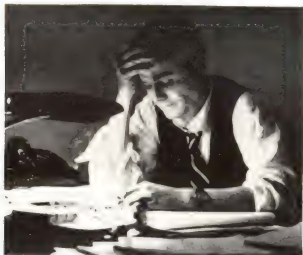
throw from Desilu. The long, long road to Calvary is lined with the usual weaverly types (Claude Rains as Herod the Great, Charlton Heston as John the Baptist) plus, it would seem, any other celebrity ready to trade top billing for a chance to play holy charades. Jesus cures a cripple (Sal Mineo), a blind man (Ed Wynn) and a leper (Shelley Winters). He hears his cross under the stern eye of Roman Centurion John Wayne. Veronica is Carroll Baker, who mops his brow, and—in a labored salute to brotherhood—he gets a helping hand from Simon of Cyrene (Sidney Poitier). Such coy vignettes add star power but not stature. They merely bolster the evidence that Western man's greatest story has yet to be greatly told on film.

### War on the Flip Side

None but the Brave. As producer, director and star of this World War II melodrama, Frank Sinatra is triply committed to a piece of flip moral hindsight. War is archaic, he says. It is also rough on brotherhood. But he cannot conceal his boyish enthusiasm for any activity that brings together a swell bunch of guys.

Brave begins arrestingly with a Japanese narrator, Lieut. Kuroki (Tatsuya Mihashi), who, rrring all his *h's*, describes the "roneriness of command" over a pocket of troops marooned on a Pacific island outpost. Soon an air battle sends a tiny C-47 transport plowing into the island's toy palms, and out of the special effects a story line emerges. Two enemy bands exist side by side, Japanese and American. Will





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That's George Diehl talking. He's the young sales chief of a young company, Electronic Devices Incorporated in North Ridgeville, Ohio. EDI is a subsidiary of Cleveland Electronics.

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they continue the mad annihilation? Or will they discover that they need each other to survive, and declare a truce?

The idea holds some promise, except that Director Sinatra and his scriptwriters goof away tension at every turn. A truce seems inevitable, since both camps are rent by internal strife and riddled with clichés. While Kuroki contends with a trigger-happy Buddhist, the American captain (Clint Walker) has to restrain a volatile young officer (played with unwarranted assurance by Singer Tommy Sands, Sinatra's son-in-law). The first meeting of G.I. and Jap ends with some cute business of swapping cigarettes for fish. There is a brief skirmish over a boat, but peace follows when Sinatra, as a drunken Irish medic, sobers up to treat the enemy wounded. "I'm a Band-Aid man," he quips, preparing to amputate a Japanese leg.

From then on, the only important distinction between friend and foe is that the foes appear to be better actors. *Brave's* foolish little war ends in a bloody climax, suddenly dumping all moral issues for the fun of a good scrap. The about-face calls for a final word from Lieut. Kuroki: "There is no death when the spirit lives." But when the spirit racks conviction, man, what good is rising?

### Encore La Guerre

Toxi for Tobruk is a modest French-made drama that effectively understates the points that *None But the Brave* garbles at the top of its Voice. The setting is North Africa, 1942. Shelled out of their half-track vehicle, four French soldiers flee across the desert. Next day they slip up to a German patrol car and slaughter four men camped on the sand near by. The fifth, an arrogant young Afrika Korps captain (Hardy Kruger), becomes their prisoner.

En route to El Alamein, the Frenchmen sweat and struggle while the German sneers. When they are hogged down in the sand, he refuses to dig. When he begins to unbend and reaches under a seat to offer an injured man a first-aid kit, they clobber him unconscious. Shirtless and wearing German army caps, they join a German troop convoy and narrowly escape disaster when a French P.W. in the convoy recognizes one of the fugitives (France's singing idol, Charles Aznavour) as a countryman. Later, in one fine funny scene, the Frenchmen push the car out of a ditch with their captive at the wheel and gape helplessly as he drives off with all their weapons. The captive becomes the captor, but not for long.

Slowly, under the ceaseless threats of German minefields and strafing from Allied planes, the barriers between men are obliterated. In the absurdity of their situation, they discover a common humanity, a measure of individual worth. Eying a comrade, one soldier grumbles: "Doctors call his case paranoia. The army calls him a corporal." The

## Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



IT'S APPARENT THAT the high cost of paying taxes—in both time and money—is becoming an ever larger burden for people as the forms and procedures of the various taxing bodies become more complex.

What most people can't begin to imagine unless they are businessmen are the enormously complex procedures most companies face in preparing and submitting tax information to hundreds of federal, foreign, state, county and municipal taxing bodies every year. The tax collecting function—employee withholding and sales and use taxes for example—is a further burden.

In our company, we've seen material increases in our tax department's efficiency over ten years. In this period, we've doubled in size, expanded from 16 to 30 manufacturing plants, moved into many foreign lands. Increased efficiency was a necessity. And it is a controllable cost.

But consider these uncontrollable factors. During the same period, our number of tax returns has gone from 923 to 1254. The number of man-days occupied by auditors from all sources has increased thirteen-fold! This is not only uncontrollable time and expense to the company, but many taxing bodies require a company to pay the expenses of their auditing agents as well.

Perhaps the heart of the problem is that each separate return or auditing procedure has so little in common with any of the others (except in its intent to collect taxes). And while efforts have been made to unify forms and methods among some taxing bodies, there has been little progress.

Taxes are a fact of life. They must be paid. But something needs to be done about the high cost of paying them, and soon. For it is precisely this kind of uncontrollable expense that eats away at a company's ability to maintain stability in the prices of its products or services.

\* \* \*

*If you've ever looked at the complex contours of the legs of an eighteenth century table and wondered how they match each other so precisely, you'll be interested in a tool we developed primarily for school shops. The Rockwell-Delta wood turning duplicator exactly reproduces patterns, balusters, lamps, table and chair legs up to 4" in diameter. It can be attached to most 11 or 12-inch lathes.*

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Ever been caught in the act of taking a bath when the meter reader appears at the front door? If so, you'll appreciate one of the reasons for a newly-developed Rockwell device. It's an electronic remote read-out for water meters mounted outside the house which reflects the reading on the meter located inside. (Meters in cold climates must be placed inside the house to prevent freezing.) Thus the meter reader never need enter the house or even bother its occupants. Water companies like it because it permits them to speed up meter reading and eliminate expensive call backs when the reader can't gain access to the house during his regular rounds.

\* \* \*

You probably know that the gas you use for heating or cooking has the "gas smell" purposely added for safety purposes; in its natural state it's odorless. Not so with "sour gas." This is natural gas that contains hydrogen sulfide, which has a rotten egg odor. Increasing demands for gas means that the industry must develop economic methods to extract the hydrogen sulfide. Yet such gas attacks the steel in valves and pipes, making it very difficult to handle. Consequently, Rockwell recently established the first valve field laboratory in the U.S. to explore this problem under test conditions in the West Yantis gas field in Texas. This site was selected because of the corrosiveness of its gas, its relatively high pressures, and its nearness to the engineering and testing facilities of our Sulphur Springs, Texas, plant.

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This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 22 basic markets.



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# Eldercare

## ...better care than Medicare

Here's why the Herlong-Curtis Eldercare Bill, HR 3727,  
is the best answer to the  
health care needs of people over 65

### MORE BENEFITS FOR THE ELDERLY

Eldercare would provide a wide range of hospital and medical services for the elderly—much more than Medicare.

	ELDERCARE	MEDICARE
Physicians' Care	YES	NO
Surgical Costs	YES	NO
Drugs—in and out of Hospital	YES	NO
Hospital & Nursing Home Charges	YES	YES

### LESS COST TO THE TAXPAYERS

Eldercare offers *more care* for the elderly who need help, but would *cost less* because it does not provide benefits for the wealthy and well-to-do. Eldercare would *not* require a new payroll tax. It would be financed by federal-state funds through a program that *already* exists.

By contrast, the Medicare tax plan would increase payroll taxes to provide benefits for *everyone* over 65, the wealthy included. Furthermore, the Medicare tax would hit hardest those least able to pay. The \$5,600-a-year worker would pay as much tax as the \$56,000 executive.

Your doctors, who care for the elderly, support Eldercare because it also assures free choice of physician and hospital . . . provides for protection through Blue Cross, Blue Shield and health insurance policies . . . and lets people over 65 qualify for benefits before illness strikes—without a welfare type investigation.

### WRITE TODAY!

Urge your congressman and senators to vote for Eldercare  
(The Herlong-Curtis Bill, H.R. 3727)

*The American Medical Association*

dialogue is rough in texture, true in tone. And though *Taxi* arrives at its destination bearing no new arguments against the futility of war, Director Denys de la Patellière reinforces the old ones with soundness and dash.

### Through a Looking Glass

**Joy House.** Cuckolded by an insolent Gallic gigolo (Alain Delon), the American millionaire orders his henchmen: "Go to Europe and get him. Bring me his head. I want to give it to my wife." In the process, Delon is slugged, flung into a scalding tub, shot at, almost drowned, and nearly run down during a mad chase along the Côte d'Azur.

Delon keeps his head, and, momentarily out of peril, goes to work as chauffeur for a sleek, wealthy young widow (Lola Albright) and her noble cousin (Jane Fonda). In their Italianate castle, practically everything is extraordinary. The cousin pretends to be the



FONDA & DELON IN "JOY"  
The servant problem is murder.

maid, although she wears Balmain originals. The widow talks to her mirror, and with reason. Behind its one-way glass dwells a former chauffeur, Vincent, missing since he murdered her husband two years earlier. Delon, who serves his employer unstintingly up to a point, eventually balks. "You and Vincent want to kill me," he whispers, embracing her. She smiles. "We're not the only ones. A couple more or less can't make that much difference."

Though this loony, spoofish thriller follows the vogue for mixing cliffs with chuckles, at times Director René Clément (*Forbidden Games*, *Purple Noon*) can't seem to decide which are which. He nonetheless keeps the action tumbling in and out of mirrors, closets, mantels, trap doors. And sneaky camerawork by France's formidable Henri Decae imbues the décor with glittering menace. As the ne'er-do-well whose passions surge at the drop of a bank note, Delon is a rake smoothly handled by Temptress Albright and coltish Actress Fonda, who comes through as a sort of cheerleader turned *femme fatale*. Together, they make *Joy House* as sportive as a carnival crazy house, brimful of absurd surprises.

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**Castellana Hilton**

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**Athens Hilton**



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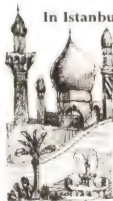
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**Cavalieri Hilton**



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**Istanbul Hilton**

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**Nile Hilton**

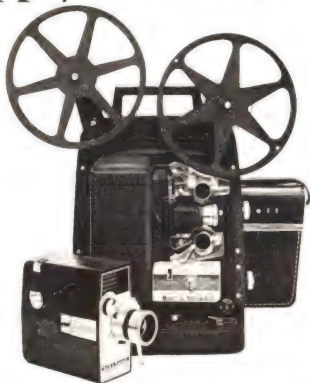


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a little better than they really have to be.**

## BOOKS

### A Banner on a Muddy Field

PEOPLE OF THE BOOK by David Staction. 381 pages. Putnam. \$5.95.

"It was a model of the world, with the roof taken off and the streets torn up," is Author Staction's description of a Spanish army bivouac into which a couple of his characters have strayed during the Thirty Years War. Staction could also be describing his own novel about that war. In that camp, the civilians—stable boys, prostitutes, grooms, bakers, wine sellers, nurses, peddlers, moneylenders, cardsharps, children, thieves, thugs, priests, a company of traveling actors—outnumber the soldiers by as much as eight to one, and the same wild and brutalized rabble roils through the pages of the book. All are lit up as if by the lurid flare of torches and burning towns and the intermittent flash of gunpowder. Even the occasional brave or intelligent man is no more in control of his fate than any of the others. After a while the reader begins desperately to wish that the author had not torn up all those streets in his model world: the novel is fascinating, brilliant, but exasperatingly trackless.

**Splendor & Slime.** David Staction has been brilliant and exasperating before this. In a dozen earlier novels he has illuminated dark corners of everything from ancient Egypt to feudal Japan, from the gory Renaissance legend of the Duchess of Amalfi to the aftermath of the assassination of Lincoln. In each, over the violent pulse and slash of ancient action broods a satanic modern intelligence. He is unique for the wit and sinewy pertinence of his asides. And until now, his story lines have also been clearly muscled, if often knotty.

*People of the Book* tells not one but two parallel stories. The first follows the public acts and private thoughts of the



DAVID STACTION

*The battleground was trackless.*

two great Protestant leaders of the Thirty Years War, the brilliant commander King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and his equally brilliant chief minister, Axel Oxenstierna. The second story dives into the ebb and flow of destruction across the shattered principalities of Central Europe to follow the fates of a young man, Lars Larsen, and the lovely little sister he is trying to bring up and lead to safety. The two stories join only at one point, where Oxenstierna happens to meet the two young people and, taking pity on them, gives them a safe-conduct that ironically leads to their deaths. Yet the two narratives could hardly be more intimately related. They are the gorgeous upper side and slimy reverse of a banner dragged across a muddy battlefield.

**Paste Jewels.** Staction embellishes this attractive plan with his vivid sense of scene and detail. He freights it with learning and lively language. He floods it with his unique virtues—and the book drowns. Gustavus and Oxenstierna are the most real figures, but they are not really seen in action but in a series of stills, like a set of heroic paintings—"The Last Meeting," "Meditation in the Garden," "The King Falls in Battle." Lars and his sister are truly pitiable, but they are surrounded by grotesques, and at the end are dispatched with the terrible coldness of boredom.

Throughout, Staction sacrifices story for gnomic utterance. He is often witty and pithy, as when he throws knives at such favorite targets as Richelieu (and De Gaulle): "Perfumes are best used to cover up the stinks of cunning. *La Gloire de France* is a perfume." He is sometimes eccentrically decorative, as when he fondles a favorite word (panache, chryselephantine) or interpolates an essay on ancient music or a sermon on international law. However entertaining, the devices are finally irrelevant and intrusive. Their cumulative effect is as pointless as a sword swallower who decides to eat the hilt first because the paste jewels seem so bright and chewy.

### Shaded Heroes

THE NEGRO COWBOYS by Philip Durham and Everett L. Jones. 278 pages. Dodd Mead \$5.

Most were ropers, others horsebreakers, wranglers, cooks, and trail bosses. Some became law enforcers, ranch owners or, like Cheyenne's B. M. Ford, hotel proprietors. Several were celebrated mountain men, notably Jim Beckwith, a trapper whose exploits rivaled Kii Carson's. Others became swindlers like Dodge City's Ben Hodges, or outlaws like Texas' Cherokee Bill, who murdered for profit, seduced for fun, and was hanged a month before his 20th birthday, telling the crowd gathered around the gallows: "I came here to die—not to make a speech." All were Negro cowboys of the old Far West.



JIM BECKWITH



NAT LOVE

*The longhorns were color-blind.*

**Trail Drivers.** The time was post-Civil War, when men were men and the key to respect lay not in the color of skin but in quickness with a gun and ability to handle a horse. Among the cowboys who rode the ranges from Texas to Montana, driving millions of cattle to market, were more than 5,000 Negroes. This startling fact was uncovered by University of California Professors Philip Durham and Everett L. Jones, who plowed through 300 memoirs and histories in search of references to Negro cowboys. Their findings, described in lively prose and vivid detail, fill a neglected gap in U.S. history.

The point of the Negro cowboys' history, they say, "is not that they were different from their companions, but that they were similar. They had neither peculiar virtues to be glorified nor vices to be condemned. But they should be remembered." Most came from Texas; all began their trade as slaves who were brought West when their masters moved to Texas and acquired cattle. They learned to ride, rope and brand cattle from their white owners, and from local Indians and Mexicans.

The Civil War freed them, and the Negro cowboys suffered far less from the white's emotional backlash than other Negroes. "The demands of their job made the white cowboys transcend much of their prejudice. A wild longhorn had no more respect for a white Texan than for a Negro." This was the time of the long drives north in search of new markets, and cattlemen were happy to sign on able Negroes. A typical trail crew of eight cowboys would include two or three Negroes.

In their drives north through Colorado and Wyoming, where there was little anti-Negro feeling, many Negroes stayed behind to become permanent settlers. They worked on ranges, in stockyards and saloons, and at least one became a detective. In other states racial prejudice lingered, and the Negro preferred to turn back for Texas as soon as he had delivered his herd. Nonetheless, hundreds of Negroes flocked to the Dakota territory when gold was discovered in the Black Hills. Among many other Negroes who made their

## Huntley-Brinkley Narrate The Big News Stories of '64 In New RCA Victor Album

New York, N.Y. (Special). Chet Huntley and David Brinkley, TV's top news team, today announced the release of their new RCA Victor recording, "A Time to Keep: 1964." This new album marks the second in the series, following up their outstanding recording of the news events of 1963. It is an account of the stories that made headline history last year, as selected and narrated by Huntley and Brinkley.

According to the announcement, the album contains actual sounds and the voices of people who made last year's major news stories. Highlights of the Republican and Democratic Conventions are included, along with such items as Khrushchev's ouster, General MacArthur's stately funeral and the Presidential campaign and election. Album also contains a report on the first topless bathing suits to appear on the scene as well as reports from focal points of Civil Rights action and the opening of New York's World's Fair. Altogether, it is a comprehensive chronicle of the year's big events and a worthwhile addition to any collection of records.



"A Time to Keep: 1964" is a flap-type album and is illustrated with photographs of the many places and faces that made the year's news. It is now available at all record stores.

**RCA Victor**  
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names or fortunes in Dakota's Deadwood City was Nat Love, a rootin' tootin' former slave who wrote that his prowess with gun and lariat earned him the title of "Deadwood Dick," claimed that he was the original inspiration for the fictional (and white) hero of 33 dime Westerns by Edward L. Wheeler.

**Legend & History.** Durham and Jones tell their tales well. One of the most fascinating stories concerns a Negro named Bob Lemmons. Bob was one of a tough group of men who made their living capturing wild mustangs, but Bob's method was unique. He would follow a herd of mustangs alone for days, until they began to accept him as part of the group: "I acted like I was a mustang. I made the mustangs think I was one of them." When the herd was completely in his control, Bob slowly led them straight into the waiting corral.

The authors' explanation of the Negro disappearance from Western folklore is less satisfying. They say it is because the first published western, Owen Wister's *The Virginian*, included no Negroes. Since the book was an extraordinary success, no one dared change a good thing. But by that time, the West was mostly legend, and the values of legend tend to black-and-white good guys and bad guys, and permit of little shading. As legend, the oldtime cowboy will go on looking like Tom Mix. History, thanks to Durham and Jones, has acquired new shadings.

### From Philistia to Bohemia

**PRIVATE COLLECTION** by Jean Starr Untermeyer. 295 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

At 13, after a family quarrel, Jean Starr decided to commit suicide. When she opened her bedroom window in Zanesville, Ohio, she was afraid to jump and compromised by trying to beat out her brains with a hairbrush. This serio-comic vein runs throughout her new book, which describes a lifelong love affair with art and with artists. "those people who have been most meaningful to me."

**Parading Lions.** After the abortive suicide, the gawky adolescent girl was sent to a boarding school in Manhattan, where she soon met and married Louis Untermeyer, the brother of a schoolmate. Louis was then working as a salesman for his father's jewelry firm, but like Jean, he dreamed of escaping from Philistia to Bohemia. Both succeeded, Louis becoming an anthologist, poet, critic, and a man of many marriages—five in all, two of them to Jean. She plunged into music, poetry and the keeping of a salon, where she paraded such lions as Robert Frost and Edna St. Vincent Millay, Ezra Pound and Siegfried Sassoon.

**Private Collection** has some fine portraits as well as a flood of gossip and sometimes penetrating anecdotes. Here is tough-minded Amy Lowell, smoking the cigars that shocked Boston in the early 1920s. As a teen-ager, Amy wrote



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in her diary the frank confession, "I am fat, ugly, inconspicuous and dull: to say nothing of a very bad temper." As an adult, she intermittently feared revolution and would declaim at dinner: "How many nights when I sit writing in my library, nobody awake in the whole house but me and my Winky [the cat], I think I hear intruders—and I grasp my revolver, ready to shoot. I feel these things, and I will fight. I am the last of the Barons . . . the last of the Barons!"

**Gruesome Exit.** Jean's most traumatic and rewarding chore was the difficult translation into English of Hermann Broch's masterwork *The Death of Virgil*. Begun almost accidentally, it took years, and required her learning German almost from scratch and suffering almost as many birth pangs as the author himself.

What emerges from Jean's book is the fact that a poet's life is infinitely more dangerous than that of a steeple jack. Of her poet friends, nearly a dozen killed themselves one way or another. Fifin Elinor Wylie did it by burning the candle at both ends; Vachel (*The Conqueror*) Lindsay made a more gruesome exit by drinking a bottle of Lysol.

Jean Untermyer displays a persevering but uneven personality, one dedicated to passion and sensibility but continually drawn to the comforting but humdrum virtues of a tidy housewife. Her prose reflects this dichotomy, ranging from the limpest of clichés to flights of intuitive perception, as in her lines about Sylvia Townsend Warner: "Yet all is not wit, though it springs out from her as pointed as a prow. There is wisdom, as final as a proverb."

### The Kamikosmonaut

GARDEN ON THE MOON by Pierre Boulle. 315 pages. Vanguard. \$4.95.

The year is 1970, and the first human being has just set foot on the moon. But what's this he's carrying? A paintbox, some drawing paper, a few garden tools, three kimonos and two bottles of Scotch. He shouts a soundless "Banzai!" into the wastes of the Sea of Serenity, dashes off a haiku or two, and quickly builds himself a Zen rock garden. The inscrutable Nipponese have beaten Russia and the U.S. to the moon.

That's about the only surprise in the new novel by Pierre Boulle (*Bridge Over the River Kwai*). A shallow attempt at fictionalizing the space age, it traces a handful of Axis rocket engineers from Peenemünde, where they "romantically" built Hitler's V-2s, into the diaspora of the postwar world, where they end up glumly competing with one another in the U.S.-Soviet space race. There is Stern, a faint carbon copy of Werner von Braun who talks like a cross between Tom Swift and Astroboy. There is Nadia, his luscious White Russian assistant who ends up married to Khrushchev's top





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PIERRE BOULLE

*In earthlight, a sodden poof.*

rocket man. And there is Dr. Kanashima, a Japanese physicist who happened to be at Peenemünde to observe Nazi rocket techniques.

Kanashima returns to Japan and, as the space race develops over the years, figures out that the U.S. and Russia are bogged down by the problem of how to get the lunarnaut back to earth. Dr. Kanashima surmounts this technological scruple through superior moral force. With the fervor of a kamikaze, he flings himself into the wild blue yonder knowing it will be only a one-way trip.

He has six days of lunar life until his supplies of Scotch and oxygen dwindle. Then he walks into his Zen garden in the rays of the waning earth and commits hara-kiri by slitting his space suit. Since there is no atmosphere on the moon, the results are spectacular; with a sodden poof, Dr. Kanashima dissolves into "clouds of elementary particles hurled into space at a mile a second."

"It is a fine end for an astronaut," writes Boule. But a sad one for so capable a Bridge builder.

### Also Current

A MATTER OF BLUE CHIPS by William Wetmore. 185 pages. Doubleday. \$3.95.

Young Wall Street Broker W. Lockwood Thompson, expectably enough, is an Episcopalian; but all he really believes in is old money and old family (twelve generations), and he observes that faith by celebrating 365 Condescension Days a year. This condescension drips like ungente rain on anyone beneath—club stewards, upstairs maids, college deans, headwaiters, and Mike Connor, an upstart Irish colleague in his uncle's brokerage house. Then, at age 30, "Lock" suddenly suffers a rupture in his social conscience, a vestigial organ that probably never bothered a Thompson before.

The first anguished twinge comes one evening when he invites Connor to the top-drawer Shore Club for the perverse purpose of seeing him bankrupted at



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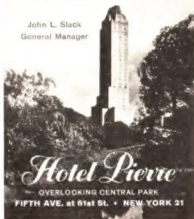
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